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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/

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the same yarn  
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"Viyella"  
Flannel

(Regd)

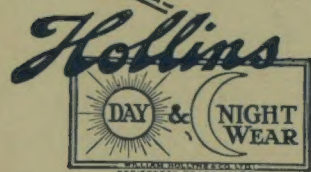
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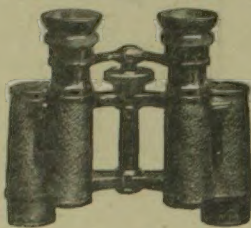
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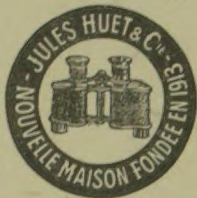


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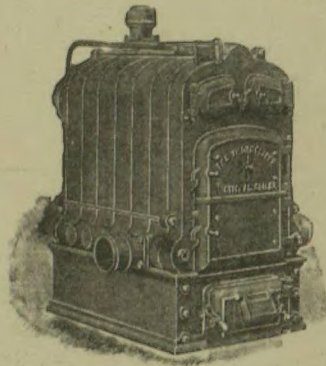
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Quality and Dependability.CRANE-BENNETT LTD.,  
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PRETTY MUSHROOM HAT in canvas straw  
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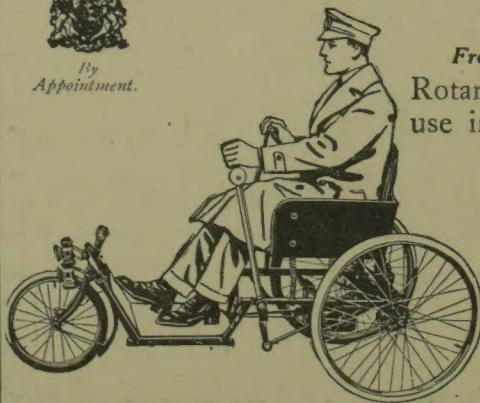
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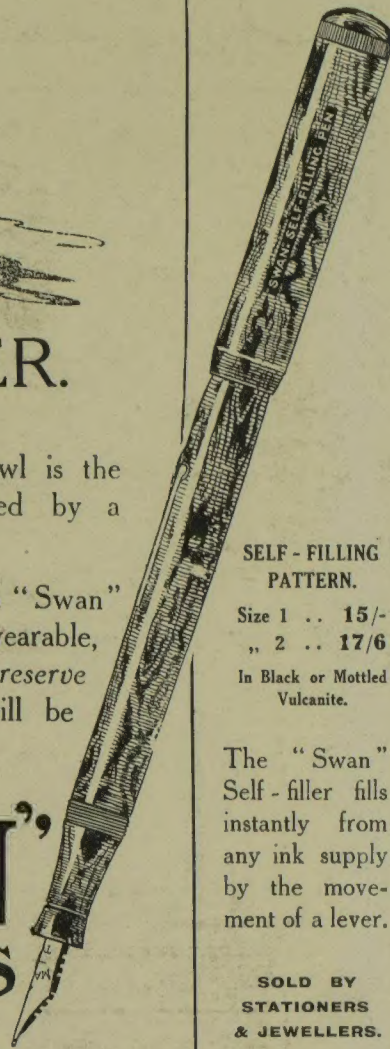
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Made from prime English Cowhide, in Harrods own workshops. Edges strengthened with neat leather binding, making case doubly strong. Fitted with shirt flap in lid. Lined moiré, leather straps in body.

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*'Pentagon' Suit Case.*

**KNIGHTSBRIDGE**



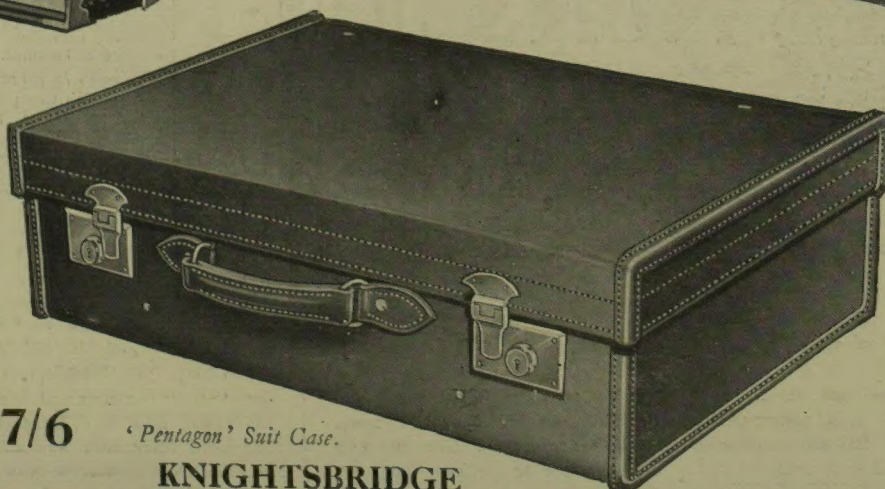
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Size: 20 x 13 1/2 x 6 ins.

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1922.

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**CALLED "CONSTANT ADVISER" OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE—"THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT BIRKENHEAD, LORD CHANCELLOR"—FROM THE PORTRAIT BY MR. OSWALD BIRLEY EXHIBITED AT THE GRAFTON.**

The "Times" of May 8 said: "Our correspondent at Genoa (Mr. Wickham Steed) sends us amazing news to-day. Mr. Lloyd George is reported to have told M. Barthou, on the latter's return from Paris, that the Entente was at an end, that his advisers, especially Lord Birkenhead, had been constantly advising him to break with France, and that Great Britain considered herself henceforward free to seek and cultivate other friendships." It was difficult to believe that the Prime Minister and the Lord Chancellor would so disastrously mis-

interpret the feeling of the nation, which desires above all things to retain the friendship of France. On the same day, in the House of Commons, Mr. Chamberlain said the Prime Minister had asked him to say that the account in the "Times" was a deliberate and malicious invention, and to contradict it at once. Mr. Chamberlain added that the Lord Chancellor had already repudiated it. Lord Birkenhead arrived in Paris from Genoa on May 8. In the "Times" of May 9, Mr. Wickham Steed adhered to the substance of his original report.

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By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MOST of us have not grasped what really happened when Prussia fell. Many of us have not realised that she has fallen. Our social reformers still act on the assumption that when Prussia is a failure, Prussianism must still be a success. But I am not concerned with that question now, but with something at once larger, more fundamental, and more unconscious. What came to the top with the Allies in that war was a totally different view of history; I do not mean of German history, or French history, or even English history, but of all history—of history itself. Most people in Europe see it; and because not many people in England see it, England misses something of her proper influence in Europe. Most of us grew up with a certain "Outline of History" at the back of our minds. I apologise to Mr. Wells for using his phrase, for the particular outline I have in mind is not notably identical with his outline. Anyhow, as Mr. Mantalini says, it is a dem'd outline. But in our youth it satisfied our minds—or rather, like so many modern things, it stopped our minds without satisfying our minds. But we absorbed it before we analysed it; and it remained one of those things that seemed too obvious to be observed. If we had put it verbally we should have put it vaguely; but it would have been something like this.

The Pyramids are very old, and they remind us that power and glory once belonged to Egypt, now decayed and dead. The Parthenon is not so old as the Pyramids, and it stands for the fact that the glory and power then passed to Greece, or the greater cities of Greece. The Coliseum is not so old as the Parthenon; and it marks the fact that the rise of Rome destroyed Greece; but it is in ruins because Goths and Gauls destroyed Rome. So the spirit of power has always passed from one State to another, leaving the last for dead. After the Roman Empire there was a Spanish Empire; after the greatness of Spain came the greatness of France; after Waterloo the leadership of the future passed to England; after Sedan it passed to Prussia. So a sort of torch of triumph was passed from hand to hand down the ages. Victory was always shifting from an older State to a newer State; and generally from a southern State to a northern State. The logical culmination of the process will be seen when the whole of this planet writhes and groans under the grinding Imperialism of Iceland. We shall see the fulfilment of our boyhood's dreams on that great day when the Eskimos are established as the ruling race, holding us all in bondage, or when to Spitzbergen alone belongs the sceptre and the sword.

Now those outlines of history are a little too easy to draw. They always take in some points of fact, but they always leave out more. We could generally find such facts to support two contrary theories. For instance, an American Admiral wrote an ingenious book to show that naval power had always been decisive. It would be annoying, especially to ourselves, if anyone maintained that naval power had always been defeated. But I would undertake to argue (though I do not in the least believe) that a sea Power must always be

smashed whenever it meets a land Power. I could find a string of facts like the facts on the other side. Sparta defeated Athens, Rome defeated Carthage, France eclipsed Spain, the Belgians waged a successful war against the Dutch, the soldier of the French Revolution towered over the final tragedy of Venice. The only objection to this theory is that, in running over history in my mind, I have picked my examples, just as the American Admiral picked his examples. There may be truths entangled in both theories, properly understood. And there may be a truth entangled in the idea that domination passes from Power to Power—or, at least, that sometimes one State and sometimes another is the seat of the authority of civilisation. But the story as we received it in

steadily fulfilling itself age after age. Then came what was, perhaps, the greatest action fought in all the ages; and it was not the old thing but the new thing that was evicted with incredible violence and eclipsed in impenetrable night. The newest and most northern of all the experiments collapsed with a crash, and power passed steadily southward, hardening France and solidifying Italy. For most of those who had read our juvenile histories this was an entirely new thing. For anyone who really knew any history it was a very old thing. It was something that had happened a hundred times before: the successful defence of the old European society against savage and crude innovators always seeking to destroy it. There is truth in the suggestion that civilisation is strongest now in one place

and now in another. But there is much truth in the fact that civilisation has always had to defend itself against things less civilised, now in one place and now in another. It was defended by Greece against Persia, by Rome against Carthage, by the Crusades against Islam, by the Allies against Prussianism. If this notion of each new thing triumphing in its turn had really been true, history would have been wildly different. Attila should have founded an empire, and his Huns have filled the places of the paladins of Charlemagne. The Cross should have been driven out by the Crescent. The Grand Turk must clearly be ruling in Vienna, and even in Paris. It was obviously the business of the Danes to subdue Wessex, and it is hard to believe that they can have neglected so simple a duty. Historians cannot be talking of Alfred the Great, but rather of Guthrum the Great. It is the same with the intellectual innovations. We should now all be Moslems or all be Arians or Albigenses. People brought up in the nineteenth-century cult of novelty talk as if the heretic had always been the child of promise. They forget there was a considerable infant mortality among heresies.

Our very past has been altered behind us, as it were, and we hardly know it yet. Notions we assumed almost from the nursery have been reversed too rapidly for us to realise. The new nations are the decadent nations. Europe is not full of old ruins, but of new ruins—especially the ruins of jerry-built houses. The New German Empire has decayed before our eyes. The new Russian Empire has gone to pieces in a moment.

The eighteenth-century experiments have died young. Prussia was in a sense leading the world, only we happen to have discovered that she was misleading the world. She has progressed over a precipice.

Now England is both a new nation and an old nation. That is the paradox and peril of her present choice. In the type of her recent expansion, in the tone of her recent philosophy, she is like Germany and Russia and America. But in her origin and moral basis she is of the same stuff as France and Rome. She belonged to the Roman Empire; she went on the Crusades; she shared in the Renaissance. Alfred the Great came rather earlier in history than Peter the Great or Frederick the Great. Chaucer and Shakespeare dabbled in literature some little time before Tolstoy and Goethe. The Englishman is not a parvenu; and it is no longer prudent for him to pretend to be.



HEAD OF "THE ONLY GREAT POSTAL SERVICE IN THE WORLD PAYING ITS WAY AND REDUCING CHARGES": THE RT. HON. F. G. KELLAWAY, P.C., M.P., POSTMASTER-GENERAL. Speaking in Parliament on May 4 on the vote of £53,822,000 for the salaries and expenses of the Post Office, Mr. Kellaway announced that, having realised a surplus of £9,000,000, he was able to devote £7,500,000 to cheapening postage and telephone rates. "The British postal service," he said, "is the only great postal service in the world which is paying its way and reducing its charges." Another interesting announcement he made was the decision to establish distributing stations for a "broadcast" system of wireless telephony. He also referred sympathetically to the development of air mails.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

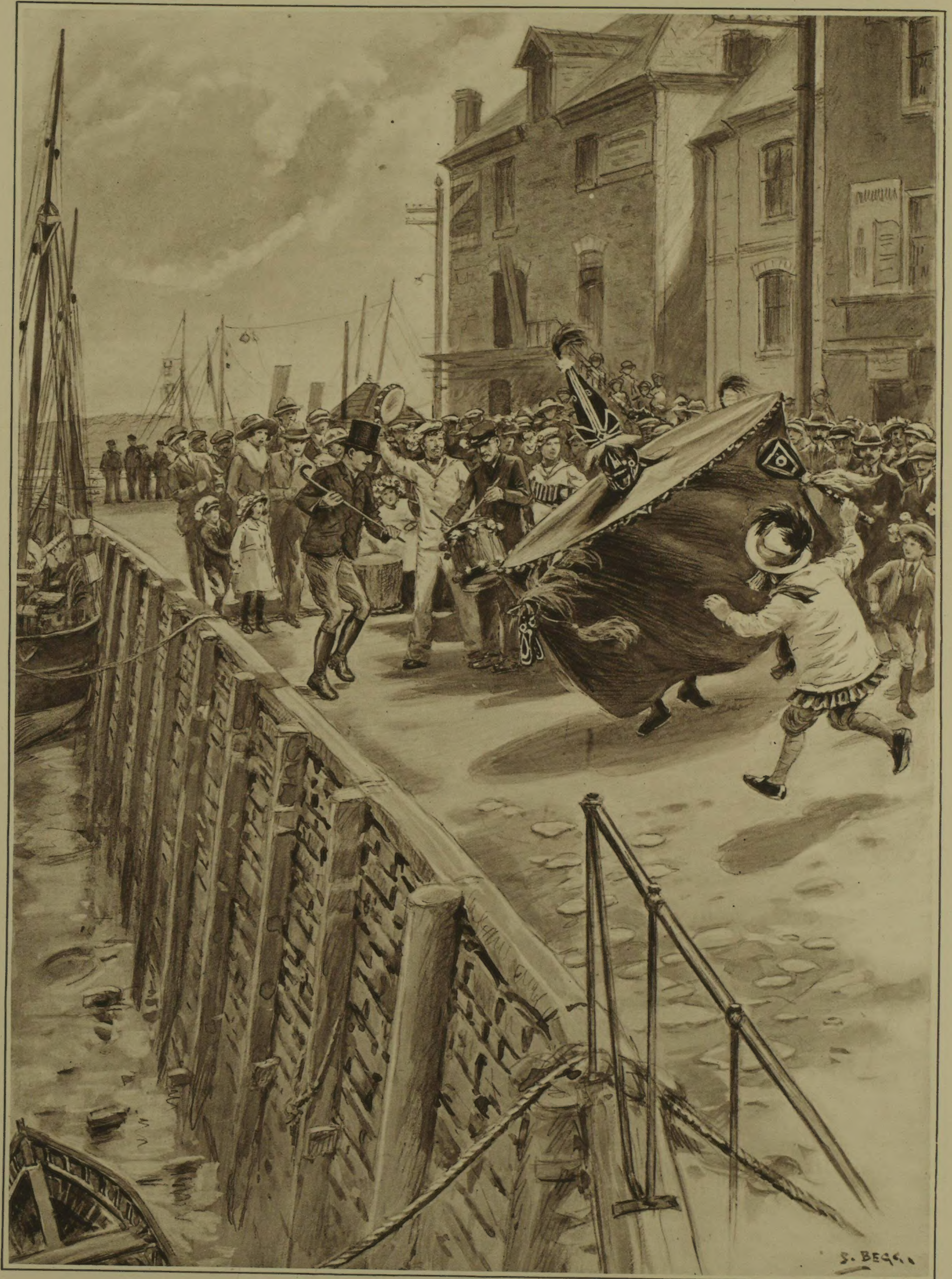
young was so simple as to be simply false. It left out a thousand things: the earliest civilisation of Greece, the Greek influence on Rome, the common culture of the Mediterranean, the mystery of Islam and the curious case of the Turks, the old battles against the northern barbarians, the new case for the small nationalities, the balance between external power and internal prosperity, and so on. Broadly, what we took as a fundamental fact is a fundamental falsehood. The next Power is not necessarily a new Power, still less a more northern Power. It is not true that the ancient empires are all extinct volcanoes, or that the only volcano that can now erupt is the volcano in Iceland.

Now, the fall of Prussia was, among other things, the fall of that theory. That notion of the new thing always eclipsing and evicting the old thing seemed to so many to have been going on



# THE HOBBY HORSE OF PADSTOW: A CORNISH MAY DAY CUSTOM.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY S. BEGG.



SAID TO DATE FROM THE 14TH CENTURY, WHEN IT FRIGHTENED FRENCH INVADERS FROM PADSTOW:  
A MYSTERIOUS HOBBY HORSE IN THE TRADITIONAL MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS OF THAT TOWN.

Padstow has a quaint old May Day custom, kept this year more elaborately than usual. In Ward, Lock's "Bude and North Cornwall" we read: "The hobby horse is formed by a man encased in a cloth mask that conceals him. It is black except for stripes on cap and mask, with tall cap, flowing plume and tail, savage-looking oaken snappers, and a ferocious face-mask. The snapper jaws are worked by a string held by the man inside. Before the horse dances a man carrying a club."

It is said that "the Hobby Horse first appeared at Padstow during the siege of Calais (1346-7), when a French vessel, taking advantage of the absence of the Padstow men, who had sailed for Calais in two boats built and equipped by the town, appeared in the harbour. The 'Hobby Horse' stood guard on Stepper Point with such good effect that the Frenchmen fled in terror from what they supposed must be the Evil One."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., SPORT AND GENERAL, L.N.A., LAFAYETTE, TOPICAL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, CHAPMAN (VICTORIA B.C.), AND FLEET AGENCY.



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THE GREAT GLOVE-FIGHT AT OLYMPIA: GEORGES CARPENTIER



CARPENTIER'S OPPONENT AT OLYMPIA: "KID" LEWIS.



THE NEW AMATEUR RACKETS CHAMPION: THE HON. C. N. BRUCE, WHO BEAT MR. E. M. BAERLEIN.



HEADMASTER OF MILL-HILL AT TWENTY-EIGHT: MR. M. L. JACKS.



FOR 25 YEARS M.P. FOR IPSWICH: THE LATE SIR DANIEL FORD GODDARD.



AMERICAN RED CROSS ORGANISER: THE LATE MR. H. P. DAVISON.



A WELL-KNOWN DIVINE: THE LATE DR. PENFOLD, DEAN OF GUERNSEY.



SIR AUCKLAND 'GEDDES' VISIT TO THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF BRITISH COLUMBIA: A GROUP AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, VICTORIA.



"THE DEAF HEAR"—BY TELEPHONE: THE PULPIT OF PARK CHAPEL, CROUCH END, FITTED WITH THREE TRANSMITTERS TO PEWS.



LORD ROSEBERY OPENS A NEW GREEN AT EPSOM BOWLING CLUB: IN A BATH CHAIR WITH HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER, MISS RUTH PRIMROSE.

The figures in the Hohenzollern group are (from left to right): Front row—Prince Alexander of Prussia (only child of Prince August Wilhelm, the ex-Kaiser's fourth son); Prince Hubertus (the ex-Crown Prince's third son); Princess Alexandrine of Prussia (the ex-Crown Prince's war-baby, born in 1915); the ex-Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin; Princess Cecilie of Prussia (the ex-Crown Prince's younger war-baby, born 1917). Second row—Princess Henry of Prussia (the ex-Kaiser's sister-in-law); Prince Wilhelm (the ex-Crown Prince's eldest son); the ex-Crown Princess; Prince Louis-Ferdinand (the ex-Crown Prince's second son); the Duchess of Brunswick (the ex-Kaiser's only daughter); Princess Eitel Friedrich of Prussia (wife of the ex-Kaiser's second son). Third row—The Countess von Ruppin (morganatic wife of Prince Oscar, the ex-Kaiser's fifth son); Princess Adalbert of Prussia (wife of the ex-Kaiser's third son); Prince Henry of Prussia (the ex-Kaiser's brother). Back row—Prince August-Wilhelm of Prussia (the ex-Kaiser's fourth son); Prince Adalbert of Prussia (the ex-Kaiser's third son);

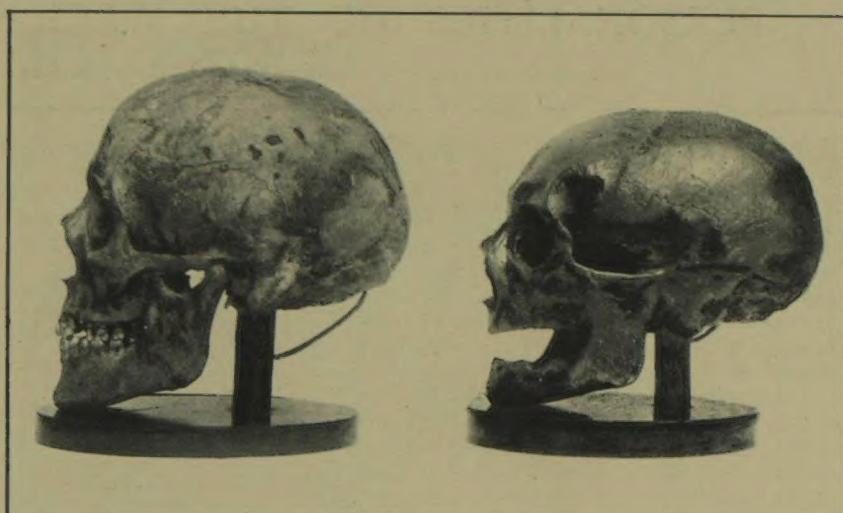
Princess Henry XXXIII. of Reuss (born Victoria Margareta of Prussia); Prince Eitel Friedrich of Prussia (the ex-Kaiser's second son); three people unnamed, friends of the family; the ex-Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin; Prince Friedrich-Sigismund of Prussia; Prince Oscar of Prussia (the ex-Kaiser's fifth son); Prince Carl-Franz-Joseph (the only child of the ex-Kaiser's son Prince Joachim, who committed suicide).—The group at Government House, Victoria, British Columbia, shows (from left to right): Middle row (seated)—Sir Auckland Geddes, Mrs. Nichol, Lady Geddes, and Mr. Walter C. Nichol, Lieutenant-Governor. Back row—Mr. H. Tennant (Secretary to Sir Auckland Geddes), Mr. H. J. Muskett (Secretary to the Lieutenant-Governor), and Major Kerr (A.D.C. to the Lieutenant-Governor). Seated in front—Mr. Jack Nichol.—In Park Chapel, Crouch End, a telephone system has been installed to enable deaf people in the congregation to hear the sermon. Three transmitters are fixed on the reading desk in the pulpit, and receivers in various pews.



## With the Brain that Conceived "Religio Medici": Sir Thomas Browne's Skull.



REMOVED FROM HIS GRAVE IN 1840 AND NOW TO BE RESTORED: SIR THOMAS BROWNE'S SKULL (RIGHT) COMPARED WITH AN OLD ENGLISH SKULL.



ENTRUSTED TO SIR ARTHUR KEITH FOR RECORDS TO BE MADE BEFORE RE-BURIAL: SIR THOMAS BROWNE'S SKULL (RIGHT) AND THE OTHER—SEEN IN PROFILE.

TO-DAY we have the privilege of publishing photographs of the skull of Sir Thomas Browne, author of "Religio Medici" and contemporary of the famous diarists, Pepys and Evelyn. Sir Thomas Browne died in Norwich in 1682, at the beginning of his 78th year, and was buried beneath the chancel of St. Peter Mancroft—the Norwich church in which he worshipped. In 1840, the coffin was exposed accidentally, and Mr. Robert Fitch, a local antiquary, took the opportunity of making a cast of the skull for the purposes of phrenological study. By the time he

[Continued opposite.]



OF REMARKABLE CONFORMATION DUE TO HIS PECULIAR GENIUS: THE BRAIN OF SIR THOMAS BROWNE (ON THE LEFT) PLACED BESIDE HIS SKULL.

[Continued.]

had finished making the cast, the chancel floor had been closed and the skull could not be returned to the coffin. It passed into the custody of the medical staff of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital in 1845, where it has been carefully preserved, being latterly encased in a silver casket presented by the late Sir William Osler. In recent years there has been a movement in Norwich to have the skull returned to the Vicar of St. Peter Mancroft for reinterment, to which the custodians of the skull have now consented. Before being returned for burial the skull was entrusted

[Continued below.]

[Continued.]

to Sir Arthur Keith, of the Royal College of Surgeons, the well-known authority on physiology and anthropology, to have a record of its characters drawn up and replicas cast in plaster for preservation. It was arranged that a full report of his examination should be published. As our illustrations show, the skull is of a

peculiar form, with a slanting forehead and low-pitched roof. Its dimensions are well above the average for modern Englishmen. The conformation of the brain, as may be anticipated from the peculiar nature of Sir Thomas Browne's genius, is remarkable in many features.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.]

## "Madam Butterfly" in a Modern Setting: Vivid Colour at Covent Garden.



A MODERNISED REVIVAL IN THE HOME OF ITS FIRST SUCCESS: "MADAM BUTTERFLY" AT COVENT GARDEN—ACT I, "A HOUSE NEAR NAGASAKI" (L. TO R.) PINKERTON, THE BONZE, AND BUTTERFLY.

The British National Opera Company's revival of Puccini's "Madam Butterfly" at Covent Garden on May 8 was remarkable not only for fine singing and orchestral work, under the baton of Mr. Eugene Goossens, but also for the beautiful stage setting and lighting effects, in modern style, specially designed and executed by Mr. Oliver P. Bernard, M.C., O.B.E. Vivid colour is a feature of the new scenery.

The figures in our drawing are Mr. William Boland as Pinkerton, Mr. Albert Chapman as the Bonze, and Miss Maggie Teyte as Butterfly (kneeling). Owing to the success of the performance, it was arranged to repeat "Madam Butterfly" at the matinée on May 13, instead of "The Goldsmith of Toledo." We may add that the company is to give a gala benefit for the Old Vic. about the third week in June.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)



## BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

PAGES such as this are probably designed as a sort of Polite Guide to Letters—no, not exactly letters, but to current books, a very different thing. Some effort to keep abreast of the times is expected of the writer, who does his best against an ever-increasing handicap and the natural tendency of his audience to shoot. Time and space are alike limited, but the flood of new volumes seems to have no limit. The critic, or rather the taster—for criticism should be a leisurely art—stands aghast before the unending procession of the greatest books that ever happened. Last week we were sure we knew the name of the most wonderful and most successful story in the world. But this week it seems to be something different. And next week—?

In this week's bundle lies the book that is already making a noise, together with the book that is going to make a noise, and the book that makes no noise at all. Who shall say which is permanent work? Only Time himself. But Time has no intention of playing ephemeral Polite Guide. He would not commit himself so far. He will submit everything to his own revision. Meanwhile, readers must be directed, or misled. So Time's reluctant and often blundering deputies must get to work at once and make what shift they can to play Sir Oracle. They will make bad shots, certainly, but who is to cast that up at them to-morrow or next week, when their words are utterly forgotten? Equally unremembered will be their chance good shots, except by themselves. They may recall their modest penny triumphs with a secret glow of satisfaction—that is all their reward—but, oh no! they never mention them again in print.

The job, however, has to be done for better or worse, and this week it has several points of exceptional interest. Mr. Arnold Bennett has again obliged his admirers and others with a story that seems to combine all his sterling qualities, to the disadvantage of none. The hero of "MR. PROHACK"

(Methuen; 7s. 6d.), Mr. Prohack himself, is what Meredith, in "Diana," labelled as a "gentlemanly official." Naturally, for he is in the Treasury, but there is a rarer as well as a more material variety of those officers. Diana's friend was of the more exquisite type: there is another and less exalted breed represented by the gentleman whom David Copperfield met at dinner at the Waterbrooks. Mr. Henry Spiker, it is true, was only "solicitor to something or to somebody remotely connected with the Treasury," but all the same, "immense deference was shown to the Henry Spikers, male and female." The halo of the Treasury was not to be denied. Mr. Bennett's Mr. Arthur Prohack, C.B., is frankly of the middle station in life, and Bayswaterish in private, if of St. James's in office hours. His trouble is the Treasury's trouble—money; but with a difference, for the money is super-abundant, and Mr. Prohack's

own. Mr. Bennett does not stint us of amusement in his new picture.

If an English novel has gone roaring across America to the tune of many hundred thousand sales, a French Canadian story which appeared several years ago has had an equal if not a greater success in France. An English version is now extending the interest aroused here by the original. Louis Hémon's "MARIA CHAPDELAINE" (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.) has been translated most skilfully and sympathetically by Mr. W. H. Blake, and the story is to be recommended to all who appreciate work that combines simplicity with power. It is a tragic and pathetic prose poem of Quebec. There exists, by the way, another translation by Sir Alexander Macphail.

Everywhere people are speaking about Miss Storm Jameson's new novel, "THE CLASH" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), and I am not surprised, for it is a most remarkable story. If it has a strong sex-interest, sex is considered in a very philosophical light. Do not, however, run away

saves. To be quite blunt, Marcella saves Louis from Drink. I should not wonder if the book found many readers among a public to which the usual Heinemann novel seldom appeals. George Douglas Brown's "House with the Green Shutters," for example, was not written in the spirit of a temperance tract, but many good people accepted it as such, and wrote Brown letters of grateful acknowledgment.

It appears that Mrs. Asquith had to travel as far as Buffalo to meet a flapper. There, she confesses, she met one of the species for the first time in her life. Her remarks are descriptive rather than philosophical, but America has sent us a book of short stories that is both. "FLAPPERS AND PHILOSOPHERS," by F. Scott Fitzgerald (Collins; 7s. 6d.), will do very well as pastime and as a means of further insight into the subtleties of the American language, lately so much discussed in the more literary papers.

Who would have thought that to reprint

Rabelais would get any publisher, even in America, into trouble at this time of day? But the U.S.A. Comstocks have an eye not only on "Jurgens," but on the book to which Mr. James Branch Cabell owes a considerable debt. A prosecution is pending, and the case may possibly have been tried before this appears in print. The defending counsel might do worse than quote from M. Anatole France's charming essay, which appears in "ON LIFE AND LETTERS," the latest volume of the Bodley Head translations (7s. 6d. each). "Rabelais was, unknown to himself, the miracle of his age. . . . His genius is very disturbing to those who search him for faults. As he has them all, it is very reasonably doubted whether he has any." Let us, then, with M. Stapfer, whose book on Rabelais M. France is reviewing in his essay, love the "learned and gentle Rabelais, let us forgive him for his parson's jokes and agree that, taken all in all, he was a kindly, worthy man."



WHERE SIR JAMES BARRIE (SEEN SITTING BETWEEN EARL HAIG AND MISS ELLEN TERRY) REVEALED HIS "UNRULY HALF" IN A MEMORABLE RECTORIAL ADDRESS: A DISTINGUISHED GROUP AT ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY.

At St. Andrews on May 3 Earl Haig was installed as Chancellor and Sir James Barrie as Rector of the ancient University. Earl Haig also unveiled the University war memorial. Sir James Barrie's Rectorial address, on courage, was one such as only he could deliver, mingled with a whimsical humour and amusing references to the speaker's *alter ego*, whom he calls McConnachie, "the name I give to the unruly half of myself—the writing half." Our photograph shows (left to right)—front row, seated: Sir J. Adam Smith, Principal of Aberdeen University; Mr. J. W. Mackay, Principal of University College, Dundee; Mr. George Galloway, Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews; Principal J. C. Irvine, of St. Andrews University; Earl Haig, in his Chancellor's robes; Sir James Barrie; Miss Ellen Terry; Mr. Thomas Paxton, Lord Provost of Glasgow. Standing in the second row are (1) Sir Squire Bancroft; (2) Lord Wester Wemyss; (4) Mr. John Galsworthy; (5) General Sir H. A. Lawrence (standing back a little); (8) Lieut.-Col. B. C. Freyberg, V.C. Among other recipients of honorary degrees were Sir James Guthrie, Sir Douglas Shields, Sir Charles Whibley, and Mr. E. V. Lucas.

Photograph by Lafayette, Glasgow.

with the idea that, because the book has a touch of philosophy in it, it is therefore dull. Far from it. Every page palpitates with a powerful human interest, and the writer's view and handling are alike original. She has evidently a minute acquaintance with Æschylus, and she uses her knowledge with excellent effect. Her allusions will be enjoyed by those who recognise them, but they are so skilfully introduced that they will neither puzzle nor "put off" the ordinary novel-reader. The same publisher offers also another story by a woman about a woman, which promises to find a hearing. It is "CAPTIVITY" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), by Leonora Eyles, who has a former novel, "Margaret Protests," to her credit. This is also a story of struggle, but on rather different lines. Miss Jameson's heroine wrestled for self-realisation; in Miss Eyles's book the fight is for a man's soul, which the woman

One word of praise is due to Messrs. Collins's half-crown series of popular novels. Recent additions are Mr. Hewlett's "Mainwaring," Miss Rose Macaulay's "Potterism" and "Dangerous Ages," Mr. Brett Young's "The Black Diamond," and John Paris's "Kimono," a first novel that had a very considerable success last year.

## THE "BLUE BOY."

A few copies of the beautiful reproduction in colours of Gainsborough's famous picture, "The Blue Boy," which appeared in our issue of Feb. 18, are now available. Each is specially printed on thick paper, is suitable for framing, and can be obtained from The Illustrated London News Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London, W.C.2—price, 2s. 6d. each; postage, 6d.



## THE FIRST WOMAN CALLED TO THE ENGLISH BAR—AND OTHERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FLORENCE CURY, PHOTOPRESS, AND ERNEST HOLT.



SENIOR WOMAN OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE: MISS HELENA NORMANTON, WHO PASSED HER FINALS IN OCT., 1921.



PLACED IN CLASS THREE AT THE RECENT EASTER TERM BAR FINAL EXAMINATIONS: MISS MERCY L. ASHWORTH.



THE FIRST ENGLISHWOMAN TO BE CALLED TO THE BAR (ON MAY 10): MISS IVY WILLIAMS, A B.C.L., M.A., AND LECTURER AT OXFORD.



THE FIRST WOMAN TO PASS THE ENGLISH BAR EXAMINATIONS: MISS OLIVE KATHERINE CLAPHAM.

IN a letter to the "Times" criticising the suggestions (mentioned below) for the costume of women barristers, Lieutenant-Colonel C. P. Hawkes writes: "It is pointed out to me that, in order strictly to conform with the regulations, it will be necessary for a lady barrister to crop her head with masculine abbreviation and incur no inconsiderable expense in obtaining mannish shirts and 'stiff high collars' of a kind which, owing to the softer trend of feminine fashions for the last ten years, are unobtainable in ordinary shops, thus putting her to an economic disadvantage as compared with a male advocate, whose expenses are limited to the purchase of wig, gown and bands, and whose 'quick-change' in the robing-room chiefly consists in the removal of his tie. Sir Herbert Stephen points out that modern forensic dress is but a survival of eighteenth-century male fashions. May I suggest that the soft lawn 'jabot' of that period (of which the bands are a vestige) should be allowed, as giving the same effect as, though more conveniently adjustable than, the stiff white collar; and that the masculine wig, grotesque and undignified as it will appear upon a female head, should be replaced by the graceful 'coif.'"

Nine women have now passed the final examinations of the English Bar, and one, Miss Ivy Williams, was among the candidates to be "called" on May 10. In the Easter term examinations twenty-one women passed various stages. Miss Helena Normanton is the only Englishwoman who has passed in Hindu and Mohammedan Law. She petitioned the Lord Chancellor for the opening of the legal profession to women before the Sex Disqualification Removal Act became law. With regard to women barristers' costume, a Committee of Judges and Benchers of the Inns of Court "expressed a wish" that the dress of women barristers

in Court should conform to the following rules: (1) Ordinary barristers' wigs should be worn and should completely cover and conceal the hair. (2) Ordinary barristers' gowns should be worn. (3) Dresses should be plain, black or very dark, high to the neck, with long sleeves, and not shorter than the gown, with high, plain white collar and barrister's bands; or plain coats and skirts may be worn, black or very dark, not shorter than the gown, with plain white shirts and high collars and barrister's bands. The other women who have passed their finals have to complete their quota of dinners in hall before they can be "called."



# BELGIUM'S GREAT WELCOME TO THE KING AND QUEEN: IN BRUSSELS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. (SENT OVER BY AEROPLANE), AND BRITISH ILLUSTRATIONS, LTD.



SALUTED BY FIFTY-ONE GUNS: THE KING AND QUEEN, WITH THEIR ROYAL HOST AND HOSTESS, ARRIVING AT THE PALACE IN BRUSSELS—THE PROCESSION OF CARRIAGES FOLLOWED BY AN ESCORT OF BELGIAN CAVALRY.



IN THE FIRST CARRIAGE: (L. TO R.) KING GEORGE AND KING ALBERT, WITH EARL BEATTY AND THE DUKE OF BRABANT (THE BELGIAN CROWN PRINCE).

The King and Queen were welcomed with tremendous enthusiasm by the people of Brussels when they arrived there on May 8 for their visit to King Albert and Queen Elisabeth, after crossing from Dover to Calais in the royal yacht "Alexandra." On their arrival at the Gare du Nord in Brussels they were greeted by the King and Queen of the Belgians, and drove in procession to the Royal Palace. King George, who was in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, wore the violet ribbon of the Grand Cross of the Order of Leopold; and King Albert, who was in military khaki, wore the ribbon of the Garter. The two



IN THE SECOND CARRIAGE: (L. TO R.) QUEEN MARY AND QUEEN ELISABETH, WITH EARL HAIG, NEXT TO WHOM WAS THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR.

Kings rode in the first carriage, with Earl Beatty and the Duke of Brabant; and the two Queens in the second, with Earl Haig and the British Ambassador, Sir George Grahame. A salute of fifty-one guns was fired, and a large gathering of little schoolgirls sang the British National Anthem. In the evening there was a private dinner party at the Palace, including only the Kings and Queens, the Duke of Brabant, Princess Marie José, daughter of King Albert and Queen Elisabeth, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and the Earl of Athlone. The rest of the company dined with the Comte de Mérode in another room of the Palace.



# A MISUSED DRUG IN THE MAKING: THE LIFE-STORY OF COCAINE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON, UNDER EXPERT GUIDANCE.



**A Coca Plantation in Bolivia.**

The Plantations (called "Cocals") are usually formed on the warm slopes of the valleys in the Andes at from 2,000 to 5,000 feet above sea level or higher. Three or four crops are reaped annually. The yield continues for about forty years. The leaves are plucked separately and carefully by the hand. Great care is also needed in preserving the leaves.



**The Coca Plant**  
(*Erythroxylon Coca*)  
A Shrub from 4 to 6 or 8 ft. high.



**Extraction from Coca Leaves, and Purification of Cocaine.**

(Fig. 1) Showing the Extractor

(Fig. 2) Hydrolysis.

(Fig. 3) Separation of the crude alkaloids.

THE danger of the drug habit has been emphasised of late by the number of cases of suicide, and of lives wrecked morally and physically, through addiction to cocaine. Revelations have been made as to the illicit traffic in this and other deadly drugs in London, and a strong agitation is on foot for further repressive legislation. It has been suggested that the Dangerous Drugs Act should be strengthened, and severer penalties (including the "cat" and deportation for foreigners) imposed on persons found guilty of the illegal traffic. Probably there are many of our readers who do not know exactly what cocaine is, or where it comes from, and for their benefit this page has been devised. A medical expert, who supplied our artist with the necessary data, writes: "Cocaine was at first made from coca leaves imported from Peru, where the leaves had long been and are still used as a stimulant by the Indians. The South American leaves contain chiefly cocaine, and the alkaloid can be obtained direct from them by extraction and purification. The bulk of the cocaine now made is, however, prepared from a different variety of coca leaf grown in Java, which contains cocaine itself and in addition a series of substances from which cocaine can be made. The basic substance common to all these is called ecgonine, itself

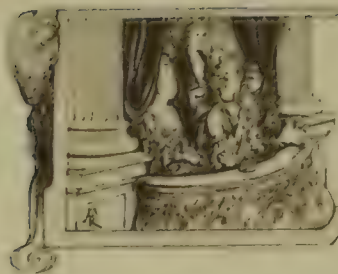
[Continued below.]

## A SOCIAL PERIL THROUGH ILLICIT TRAFFIC, BUT "A MOST BENEFICENT DRUG WHEN LEGITIMATELY USED": THE MAKING OF METHYLBENZOYLECGONINE (ALIAS COCAINE).

[Continued.] harmless, but convertible into cocaine by processes known as methylation and benzoilation. Briefly, the method of making cocaine from Java coca leaves is as follows. The ground leaves are extracted (Fig. 1) with a suitable solvent, such as benzine, which removes all the cocaine-yielding constituents. These are then separated (Fig. 3) and hydrolysed (Fig. 2) to yield ecgonine; the ecgonine is collected, separated, and purified. We then have practically the raw material from which cocaine can be built up by what the chemist calls synthetic processes. The ecgonine is methylated—that is, it has the characteristic component of methyl alcohol grafted on it, and is now a new substance, methylecgonine—still comparatively harmless. This is now benzoylated;

that is, the characteristic component of benzoic acid is, as it were, wedded to the methylecgonine molecule and it becomes methylbenzoylecgonine, which is merely the chemist's way of naming the final product—cocaine. Cocaine is a most beneficent drug when legitimately used, and for producing local anæsthesia for minor surgical operations, and the routine work of the dentist, it is probably in greater demand than any other local anæsthetic, though it has in recent years been replaced to some extent by synthetic drugs, often analogous in construction, built up by chemists in part from their knowledge of the molecular structure of cocaine and special features of this structure in its physiological action."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]





# The World of the Theatre



By J. T. GREIN.

EVEN before the shilling came off the Income Tax there was a feeling that the "slump" was over, and the people were finding their way to the theatres. These ups and downs will one day form an interesting study for a man of leisure. They come and go like the gales in the Channel. I sailed the other day in a storm from Ostend, felt in mid-Channel that life was not quite as happy as I believed it to be that Easter morning, and then, as if by oil and miracle, when we neared the dear old coast of England, the sun peeped out of a corner and the white coils of the waves melted into deep ultramarine.

Such happenings, in paraphrase, are not rare in the theatre. I have seen plays weathering slatings and slaughter, and awful receipts blossoming into great pecuniary successes and hardy annuals. The Private Secretary was one of them. I have seen plays beginning with incense and clarions, with a week's honeymoon at the box office beyond the dreams of avarice, then flop!—an immense drop, no reclamation, and the notice up. Strangest of all was the fate of "Romance," and Doris Keane. It was romance with a vengeance: it was a kind of *succès d'estime* at the Duke of York's; it did not strike the balance; the trunks were already packed for the company to return to the U.S.A., when over one autumn night the tide turned, and the flood never abated for a year and six months! Explain that, if you can.

But yester-slump I can explain; and one part of the explanation is obvious: it is an illness-remnant of the war, with its poison-gas of over-praise, and its shell-shock of worshipping geese as swans. "Playitis" I would call it—acute inflammation of the appreciation of audiences, of managers, of public and critics alike. It had to run its course, like all microbic affections; and in the end, as is the case in epidemics of this kind, was more virulent than at the beginning. Microbes are known to be doughty fighters: the scourge has swept our stage clean of rubbish for a little while to come. Bad plays are taboo, unless they are, like a *vagabond*, so adorned and ornate with trappings, that the layman does not discover the objectionable ingredients.

But—and this all my own little information—the real cause of the slump is the constant wail of the theatrical managers that things are rotten in the State of Denmark. There is the manager who wails about rents. There is the manager who wails about rates (and taxes we have to pay). There is the manager who wails about salary—of the little ones; the big ones he pays up like a lamb, poor dear! There is the manager who wails that the prices of admission are not yet high enough (all the more fool he; ask the City about prices). There is the manager who wails that the critics are n.g., liars, corrupt, and heaven knows what else, because they do not praise his particular shows. There is the manager who complains that we are understaffed and that there are no capable women on our stage (it is his business to find those that are capable). There is last, but not least, the manager who says there are no plays, because he is too lazy to read them.

Now, what is the man who reads the paper, and the man in the street who reads these jeremiads, nearly all devoid of truth and candour, to think of the theatre and all its work? "The theatre," he will say, "pshaw! It is a rotten show. Look what its own bosses say; and am I to pay twelve or three bob, as the case may be, to see what they themselves say is not worth it? No, thanks; I can do better. I go to the cinema, and am a toff for my three pieces of silver, and a happy man for a tanner. The theatre is sick; I'll wait till it's better. See!"

And the poor theatre has to suffer for the malingering of its leaders. If we in the City were to cry stinking fish about our trade, as some

daughter changed her mind and told her father that she would forgive and never leave him. It was the *point d'orgue* of the play; had the cloth come down then, there would have been the same hush and outburst as after the last act of the delectable "Saving Grace." But, at the supreme moment, anti-climax stepped in, and our kindled interest and sympathy became sorely tried by a needless return of the young lordling who had been fleeced by the father and fascinated by the daughter. That is the penny novelette *in excelsis*; that was not Chambers; and so the play, two acts of which had captivated by charm of word, thought, and acting, obtained a less fervent send-off than it deserved, for the actors scored over the playwright through no fault of his.

The charming Pepita Bobadilla, she who was Haddon's well-beloved mate in his life-time, was the heroine, and she played her for all the part was worth. One felt that the author had written it for her, and she lived up to its demands of vivacity, archness, tenderness, and joy of life with understanding of its sorrows. Mr. C. V. France as a parson and the reasoner of the play gave one of his beautiful performances of character; and Mr. Godfrey Tearle's picture of the gentleman-crook with the strong determination to bury the past and make good in the future, would have been perfect but for occasional heavy touches of rhetoric and emphasis foreign to reality in a character such as this. It was the producer's fault, who allowed slow progress to take the place of natural speed.

The "Decameron Nights" at Drury Lane yielded £6800 in a week. What is the use of criticism then?—*vox populi, vox thesauri*! After that we may talk like Demosthenes, and it will only be sheer waste of breath. But I am glad, for the sake of Sir Alfred Butt and Arthur Collins, two men who see large and with open hand. Their part of the bargain has been beautifully fulfilled. These pictures are serious rivals to "Cairo," although the life in them is less vivid. At His Majesty's there is acting; at the Lane, with one exception—Miss Ellis Jeffreys' fine Violanti—mainly posturing, noise, and, in one case, a total miscast. So is the play. If our directors had only looked elsewhere than America for an adapter of Boccaccio—there are a few to be found—if they had entrusted the task at home to a "Max" or a Maugham, or a Parker! But no one is a prophet in his own country, and

no showman can bamboozle you with his wares like an American showman. Wherefore the American carried the day, and we get to see a Boccaccio which is more different from Boccaccio than the proverbial chalk from the untamed Camembert. An Italian would weep that the style, the humour, the grace, the magic power, the satire, the healthy passion of his inimitable kinsman could be thus disgruntled. There is a punishment for the defacement of public monuments. Were I an M.P., I would propose a law which renders the desecration of classics for stage purposes by Americans—mainly—and others a misdemeanour, punishable with such fines as would suffice to publish a popular edition of the desecrated author's work at prices accessible to all classes.



GREEK LEGEND IN BAKST DÉCOR AND SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY COSTUME—A NEW BALLET AT THE PARIS OPÉRA: ARTEMIS (MME. IDA RUBINSTEIN) SURPRISED BY ACTÆON (M. SVOBODA) IN "ARTEMIS TROUBLÉE."

"Artemis Troublée" is the title of a new ballet arranged by M. Léon Bakst, with music by M. Paul Paray, recently produced at the Opéra in Paris. In it M. Bakst has turned to choreographic uses the legend of Actæon, the huntsman, who surprised Artemis and her nymphs bathing, and, being changed into a stag by the chaste goddess, was torn to pieces by his own dogs. Artemis is played by Mme. Ida Rubinstein, and Actæon by the Russian dancer, M. Svoboda. M. Séverin, the mime, and Mme. Jasmine are also in the cast. The dresses are in the French seventeenth-century style.—[From the Drawing by René Lelong.]

of the managers do, our credit would soon go to limbo; and when, among the crowd, there is no belief of credit, there is slump. It is as simple as  $2 \times 2$ .

If dear Haddon Chambers had been alive, "The Card Players" at the Savoy would have been a great and complete success. Now I hope it will be a great success, but it will be incomplete—or should I say too complete? Somebody has touched up the unfinished symphony of "The Card Players" and spoilt it. As the reporters say, when describing a railway accident, all went well till a crucial point, in the last act. My eyes were wandering towards the curtain, when the card-sharper's



# BY "THE MOST GAELIC" PAINTER: HIBERNIAN ACADEMY "AMBUSHES."

BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST, MR. JOHN KEATING, A.R.H.A. ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.



IRELAND'S GUERRILLA WARFARE AS RECORDED IN IRISH ART: "ON THE RUN"—A PICTURE BY JOHN KEATING, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY IN DUBLIN.



"WHO WOULD HAVE GUESSED WHEN HE WAS PAINTING THAT THE PERSONS POSING . . . MIGHT BE CHEERFULLY AMBUSHING EACH OTHER WHEN THE SHOW CAME OFF?": "THE MEN OF THE SOUTH."

The troubled state of Ireland has already found expression in contemporary Irish art. Writing in the "Observer" of April 9, on the exhibition at the Royal Hibernian Academy in Kildare Street, Dublin, Mr. Stephen Gwynn said: "Mr. Keating, who of all Irish painters is the most deliberately Gaelic, has spent the truce-time painting pictures of ambushes—to record events of the past, the actions by which, to speak by the card, Ireland won the war. Who would have guessed when he was painting that the persons posing for them (I imagine that many of the heads are those of actual ambushers) might be cheerfully ambushing each

other when the show came off? Yet that is so. . . . It is only a question of time before both sections of the I.R.A. find themselves, not squatting decoratively in a group to have their pictures taken, but on their bellies in business-like fashion, to kill without being seen." Mr. Gwynn's forecast has been fulfilled by later events, as, for example, the ambushing of some Free State regulars at Newtowncunningham, Co. Donegal, on May 4, a few hours after a four-days' truce with the I.R.A. irregulars had been concluded. Three of the Free Staters were killed and five wounded. There were also casualties on the other side.





## The Miniatures of Shakespeare.—II.



By M. H. SPIELMANN, F.S.A., the well-known Art Connoisseur.

(SEE THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

### THE AURIOL MINIATURE.

PROBABLY the least sympathetic (or the most unattractive, humanly speaking) of all the portraits called by the name of Shakespeare is that commonly known as the Auriol Miniature. Hain Friswell (1864) believed it to be an original of some person unknown whom he flatly described as "a besotted sensualist," and we feel grateful to him for his candour. The painter of this little work, done in oil on copper, cannot be identified, but it probably belongs to the beginning of the seventeenth century, and might even be related to Hilliard, had that master painted in the oil medium. The costume is one that he drew more than once—as, for example, in the "Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton" (Shakespeare's Southampton) in the Montagu House collection. Much the same collar and the same white "garded" doublet appear in the portrait of King James set in the famous "Lyte Jewel"; moreover, Isaac Oliver painted Sir Philip Sidney in a quite similar dress—wherefore it is plain that we have here the portrait of a gentleman of fashion who may have been of the Court or attached to it.

The age of the sitter is given—"ÆT 33"—wherefore, if it truly represents the poet, it was painted in 1597, the year in which "Henry IV., I. and II., were produced, and "Henry V." was in the making; the year in which the Quartos of "Richard II.," "Richard III.," and "Romeo and Juliet" were printed (surreptitiously, perhaps) and placed on sale; the year in which Shakespeare brought off the purchase of New Place at Stratford from William Underhill, and took legal proceedings against John Lambert for the recovery of Ashbies; the year in which he presented "Love's Labour Lost" before the Queen at Whitehall; the year of much else besides. His activities, it is argued, were such that the likeness of the Court poet and dramatist may well have been called for; but this does not explain why Shakespeare, with all his humour, found time to sit for the likeness of somebody else.

The early history of the "Auriol," as is usual in such cases, has to be taken entirely on trust, for no scrap of evidence exists to substantiate the claim of its first owner (so far as we know him) that he had traced the possession of the miniature back to the Southampton family. The first known owner was the notorious, omnivorous collector of fine and curious things, Henry Constantine Jennings. From him the miniature, along with a missal by Giulio Clovio, in payment of a debt of £600 to £700, passed to a Mr. Webb; from Webb to an honest dealer in "modern-antiques" named Foster; then to Mr. Wise, of Longacre, and to Mr. Gale, of Bruton Street, bookseller and proprietor of the famous "exhibition" in Leicester Square. When that curious institution was broken up in 1826 the "Shakespeare" came into Christie's, and the £600 miniature was acquired for 9½ guineas by Mr. Charles Auriol, of Park Street, Grosvenor Square. In due course it came into the Brett Collection, and thence into Dr. Lumsden Propert's hands; and when the worthy Doctor's collection was dispersed, as explained in my previous article, the "Auriol" was bought by Mr. Pearson, and by him disposed of in America, whence few would desire to see it return. Here, then, is a full, typical pedigree such as delights some people, but which is of not an atom of use in establishing authenticity of portraiture. It merely illustrates how impudent may be the claim of "tradition," and how constant reiteration of a claim and frequent exhibition of the object in public may create an atmosphere and a reputation which set up a canon for the credulous.

The true size of the miniature is that shown by the stipple plate (here reproduced) which W. Holl engraved so exquisitely for Wivell's book, his "Inquiry into the portraits of Shakespeare" (1827). It appears in the "Supplement." The beautiful little reduction engraved on steel in Baudry's edition of Shakespeare is too small to be given here. The reproduction is here printed, reduced from the enlarged photograph in the British Museum—a

curious and unexplained misrepresentation which has misled many as to the true size of the original. It is held to justify similar errors of size in the late Mr. Parker Norris's big book on "Portraits of Shakespeare" (Philadelphia, 1885), which, the work of an American gentleman who did not study his subject in England—where nearly all the portraits are—seems to me to contain more abundant errors than any book of the kind I ever met with. With curious credulity he was ready to accept nearly every misstatement and blunder he happened to find in print on the subject—and they are innumerable.

### THE COSWAY MINIATURE.

The so-called "Cosway Miniature" is a misnomer. It is meant to indicate the miniature which Charlotte Jones made of the alleged portrait of Shakespeare which was incorrectly assumed to have been painted by Zuccaro, at that time belonging to her painting-master, Richard Cosway, R.A.



WAS SHELLEY LIKE SHAKESPEARE? AMELIA CURRAN'S PORTRAIT OF SHELLEY, RESEMBLING IN FEATURES AND DRESS THE COPY OF THE "COSWAY" MINIATURE OF SHAKESPEARE BY CHARLOTTE JONES.—(See opposite Page.)

Miss Amelia Curran's picture, once in the possession of Mrs. Shelley, is now in the National Portrait Gallery. A free engraving of it, by W. Finden, appears opposite, together with Charlotte Jones's copy of the "Cosway" miniature of Shakespeare, and engravings thereof by W. Holl and Hannah Greene. The centenary of Shelley's death occurs next month.

Copyright Photograph by Emery Walker.

The esteem in which the original oil-picture has been held in certain quarters for more than a century rests almost entirely on the reckless testimony to authenticity of authorship and subject borne by two artists of very respectable eminence, Richard Cosway and Sir William Beechey, R.A. But modern painters are often the worst judges of authenticity (though not of the excellence) of pictures by Old Masters; and so it proved in this case. It was Beechey who started it. He was quite easily taken in by the inscription "Guglielm. Shakspeare" on the back of the panel (the form and spelling of the name are almost enough to have given the picture away); and he evidently was not aware that Zuccaro had left England as early as 1580, when Shakespeare was only sixteen years old.

Boaden was a degree less careless: he doubted the "Zuccaro." [Dr. Lionel Cust goes so far as to declare—Walpole Society, Vol. III., 1914—that not a single portrait alleged to have been painted by Zuccaro in this country can be accepted, and few will be disposed to contradict the assertion.] The aged Cosway lent the picture to his pupil to copy, and it was in her possession after his death. In due course it came into the hands of the late Lionel Booth, as the old Shakespearean publisher described to me at the time when he was approaching his hundredth year; it next figured in the vast collection of the theatrical manager, Augustin Daly, and at his death in 1900 it was sold in New York. There for the time its story ends. As to its authorship, in all probability it was painted by the Mechlin painter Lucas François (or Franchois) the Elder, from a sitter unknown.

The picture is life-size, oval, representing a bright-looking youth, intelligent and effeminate, with rather Mephistophelian eyebrows, and eyes with more than the obliqueness of a cat's, and exhibiting a queer taste in collars, the neck-wear being even more fantastic than that in the gross imposture (also, a century ago, enthusiastically believed in by distinguished Royal Academicians), the "Dunford Shakespeare." Others declared that it was more like Spenser, like John Fletcher, like Torquato Tasso, and so on; and according to Edwin Bormann, the German apostle of Baconianism—encouraged by the collar—it is more like Shelley. The reader may here make the comparison for himself.

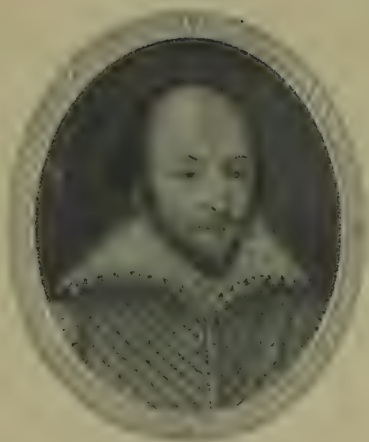
Miss Charlotte Jones, of Upper Berkeley Street, was a respectable miniaturist, charming in feeling, colour, and drawing, and technically skilful, but very weak and characterless, a contributor to the Royal Academy from 1801 to 1823, with all the qualifications to become, with the help of old Cosway's influence, official Miniature-painter to Princess Charlotte of Wales. She shared her master's admiration for his "Shakespeare," and she made her little copy of it, so that it is thanks to her (in so far as gratitude is in any way called for) that we retain in this country a colour-record of the disputed picture. Then it was given out as "lost." Ten or twelve years ago I discovered it by chance in the possession of a friend—Mr. Joseph Jennens, of Regent's Park and Brighton, nephew to the John Jones to whom we owe the superb collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and descendant of the famous Charles Jennens, of Gopsall (the editor, *pour rive*, of his *variorum* "King Lear" and "Othello"), whose successors are generally supposed to be the originals of Dickens's "Jarndyce and Jarndyce." The father of my Mr. Jennens acquired the miniature about the year 1860.

It bears on its back the inscription "Wm Shakespeare | from an original Picture by Zuccaro | Charlotte Jones | Pinxit." An obliterated date seems to read, "Dec. 1803," or 1823. It measures 3.5-8 by 3 inches. It is far pleasanter and sweeter in expression than the original picture, far more so than the mezzotint which Hannah Greene made from the painting in 1803, eighteen years before Cosway died; and more agreeable than the engraving which Holl made for Wivell in 1827, or the German lithograph—both of them copies of Hannah Greene. This mezzotint, which measures 9½ inches by 7½, is of excessive rarity; it took me twenty years to find my impression, and I have never met with any other to reward my researches. It was roundly abused when it appeared for its coarseness and its exaggeration of the facial defects in the original; but the lady, who makes a point of specially describing herself as "pupil of S. W. Reynolds," was perhaps, like Martin Droeshout, young and not very competent in draughtsmanship. Nothing seems to be known about her, and no entry concerning her, I believe, is to be found in any reference book or museum-list. These three prints are all reproduced here, as they appear to constitute the whole of the records available of a subject which has never been treated in print before.





"A BESOTTED SENSUALIST"? THE "AURIOL" MINIATURE OF SHAKESPEARE (ACTUAL SIZE).



FROM THE "AURIOL" MINIATURE: AN ENGRAVING BY W. HOLL (1827) FOR A BOOK (ACTUAL SIZE).



RESEMBLING THE CURRAN PORTRAIT OF SHELLEY: CHARLOTTE JONES'S MINIATURE PAINTED FROM THE "COSWAY" PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE (ACTUAL SIZE).

FROM THE "ZUCCARO" PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE THAT BELONGED TO COSWAY: W. HOLL'S ENGRAVING, 1827 (ACTUAL SIZE).



FROM THE PORTRAIT OF SHELLEY, RESEMBLING THE "COSWAY" SHAKESPEARE: AN ENGRAVING BY W. FINDEN (ACTUAL SIZE).



VERY RARE: A LITHOGRAPH PROOF FROM THE (ADJOINING) MEZZOTINT BY HANNAH GREENE (1803) OF THE "COSWAY" PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE (ACTUAL SIZE).



"A SUBJECT NEVER TREATED IN PRINT BEFORE": THE UNIQUE MEZZOTINT OF THE "COSWAY" SHAKESPEARE—BY HANNAH GREENE, 1803. (REDUCED—ACTUAL HEIGHT, 9 IN.)

#### WHAT WAS SHAKESPEARE LIKE?"—MORE ALLEGED MINIATURE "PORTRAITS."

The sale at Christie's, on May 4, of the famous Burdett-Coutts art collection (see our double-page drawing) included several alleged portraits of Shakespeare. They were illustrated in our issue of October 1 last, and discussed therein by Mr. M. H. Spielmann, the well-known authority on Shakespeare portraiture. In our issue for April 29 the same writer gave an illustrated article on seven alleged miniatures of Shakespeare, known respectively, from the names of owners, as the Burdett-Coutts, Tomkinson, Lord Ronald Gower,

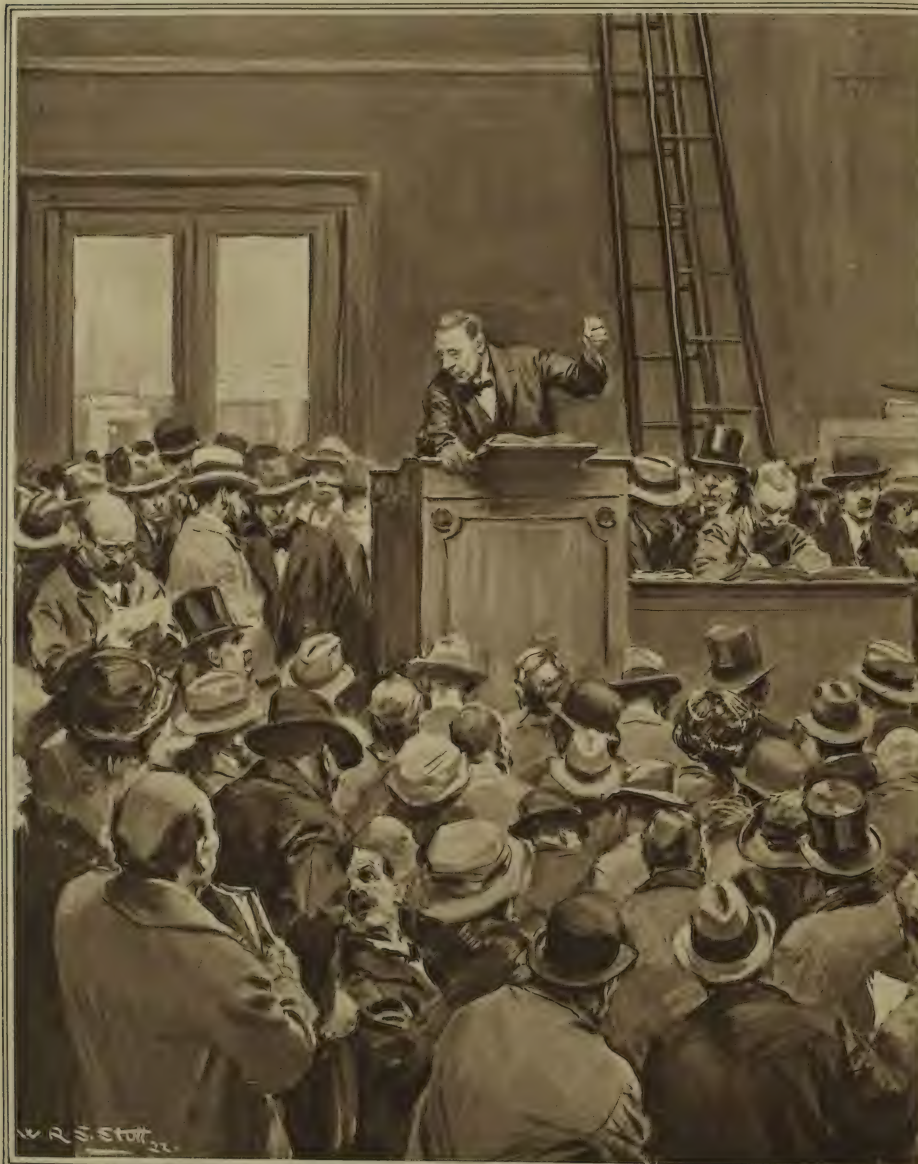
Waring, Gowan, Graves, and Kite miniatures. On the opposite page Mr. Spielmann continues this fascinating subject in a second article on the Auriol and Cosway miniatures, of which various copies and engravings are reproduced above. With them is also given an engraving of the portrait of Shelley (illustrated opposite), which resembles the so-called "Cosway" miniature of Shakespeare shown above. There are other Shakespeare miniatures with which Mr. Spielmann has not had space to deal here.



# WHERE A LIFTED FINGER OR FLICKERING EYELID MEANS A GREAT "DEAL": SILENT DRAMA IN THE AUCTION-ROOM.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

ARTIST, W. R. S. STOTT.



## A MASTERPIECE CHANGING HANDS UNDER THE IVORY HAMMER: CHRISTIE'S ON A GREAT

The dispersal of a great art collection in the sale room is a scene familiar to *habitués*—owners, dealers, and collectors—but one which the general public seldom sees. The above drawing will enable our readers to picture such an occasion for themselves. Excitement may run high, but it is undemonstrative, and the proceedings take place in an atmosphere of tense tranquillity. Bids are made in unemotional voices, and a big deal may be clinched by the lifting of a finger or the flicker of an eyelid. Our illustration shows the most thrilling moment in the sale at Christie's on May 4 of the famous Burdett-Coutts collection of pictures and drawings. The inner circle of dealers is grouped round the rostrum of the auctioneer (Mr. Hannen), and behind them are members of the public.



## OCCASION—AUCTIONING RAEURN'S PORTRAIT OF SCOTT AT THE BURDETT-COUTTS SALE.

The picture being held up to view is the original portrait of Sir Walter Scott which Raeburn painted for himself in 1822, as mentioned under the reproduction of it in our last issue (for May 6). The portrait changed hands at Christie's 45 years ago, for, after remaining in the artist's family until 1877, it was sold there in that year for 310 guineas, and passed into the possession of Mr. Duncan, of Benmore, who sold it to the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts in 1888. At the recent sale on May 4 it realised the great sum of 9200 guineas, paid by Messrs. Knoedler, the American dealers. This was the largest amount given for a single work: the total realised was £88,739 for 134 lots. It had been hoped to keep the Scott portrait in this country.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)



# NEW BLOOD IN THE POLO FIELD: VISITORS FROM THE ARGENTINE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



ONE OF ABOUT SIXTY POLO PONIES BROUGHT FROM THE ARGENTINE:  
MR. D. B. MILES'S PINTADO.



BROUGHT TO ENGLAND WITH THE ARGENTINE PLAYERS: MR. J. B.  
MILES'S POLO PONY, REPUBLICA.



POLO PLAYERS FROM THE ARGENTINE FOR WHOM THE HURLINGHAM COMMITTEE HAS ARRANGED A MATCH PROGRAMME IN THIS COUNTRY:  
(LEFT TO RIGHT) MESSRS. A. M. PEÑA, DAVID MILES, JOHN MILES, LEWIS NELSON, AND JACK NELSON.



ONE OF THE ARGENTINE PONIES NOW TO BE SEEN ON ENGLISH POLO  
GROUNDS: MR. JACK NELSON'S VIVO.



BRED IN THE ARGENTINE AND BROUGHT TO ENGLAND FOR THE POLO  
SEASON: MR. L. LACY'S PONY, TIA 'CHIELA.

Eight polo players from the Argentine recently arrived in this country to enjoy a London polo season. Their representative team consists of—No. 1. Mr. J. B. Miles; No. 2, Mr. J. D. Nelson; No. 3, Mr. D. Miles; and Back, Mr. L. Lacy. They have not come over with the idea of playing test matches, but to compare their own form with that of British players, and to enjoy as much hard polo as possible. The Hurlingham Committee undertook to arrange a match programme for them. Should the results of trial games justify it, they hope to be matched against a representative British team, but the game could not be counted inter-

national, as the visiting captain, Mr. Lacy, is an Englishman by birth and domicile. The Argentine team is composed of players from various clubs. Their ponies, of which there are about sixty, were all bred in the Argentine. They were landed here in February, and have since been hard at work, finishing with a riding-school course at Hurlingham. Many of them are similar to the best type of English pony. "Others," writes an expert, "are marked by the variety of colouring usually associated with Argentine ponies. Others, again, are of the light, wiry type." The performances of the Argentine players are awaited with great interest.





## FOUR HORSE-SHOES OF SILVER: THE CAVE OF THE BUDDHIST HOARD.

In "The Illustrated London News" of March 25, we told of the finding of paintings of the T'ang period in the walled-up ante-chapel of a temple of "The Caves of the Thousand Buddhas," to the south-east of Tun-Huang; of the manner in which the hidden hoard was guarded; and of how Sir Aurel Stein was able to recover a goodly number of the jealously-shielded paintings and manuscripts and transfer them to the British Museum. The place of the discovery is now described.

(SEE THE COLOURED REPRODUCTIONS OVERLEAF.)

WHEN Sir Aurel Stein, adventuring in the interests of archaeology, first saw "The Caves of the Thousand Buddhas," the honeycombed rock-faces recalled to him pictures of troglodyte dwellings of anchorites such as he remembered having seen, long before, in early Italian paintings. "Perhaps," he wrote, in "Ruins of Desert Cathay,"\* "it was this reminiscence, or the unconscious vision of rich rubbish-deposits which such holy cave-dwellers might have left behind in their burrows, that made me in my mind people these recesses with a beehive of Buddhist monks, and wonder what awkward climbs they might have had when paying each other visits."

The illusion was fleeting. The caves had their resident guardians, their caretakers, but that was all. Their most illustrious tenants were many images of Buddha.

The hidden hoard Sir Aurel sought was in a shrine which bore evidence of recent restoration. "The priest, had told us that, when he first settled at the 'Thousand Buddhas' . . . he found the entrance to this cave-temple almost completely blocked by drift sand. Judging from the condition of other caves near by and the relatively low level of this particular temple, it is probable that this accumulation of drift sand rose to ten feet or more at the entrance. Keeping only a few labourers at work from the proceeds of pious donations, at first coming dribble-like with lamentable slowness, our Tao-shih had taken two or three years to lay bare the whole of the broad passage, some forty feet deep. When this task had been accomplished, and while engaged in setting up new statues in place of the decayed old stucco images occupying the dais of the cella, he had noticed a small crack in the frescoed wall to the right of the passage. There appeared to be a recess behind the plastered surface instead of the solid conglomerate from which the cella and its approach are hewn; and on widening the opening he discovered the small room with its deposit." It proved to be filled with rolls of manuscript. The total was some seven cartloads!

The excursion was hurried. Full investigation came later, after the employment of much diplomacy.

One afternoon, accompanied by Chiang-ssu-yen, the surveyor, the archaeologist paid a formal call

\* "Ruins of Desert Cathay: Personal Narrative of Explorations in Central Asia and Westernmost China." By M. Aurel Stein (Macmillan.)

on the Tao-shih, and asked to see his restored cave-temple. The priest was only too pleased and proud. Sir Aurel was careful. He noted of the occasion: "As he took me through the lofty ante-chapel with its substantial woodwork, all new

square, there rose on a horse-shoe shaped dais, ancient, but replastered, a collection of brand-new clay images of colossal size, more hideous, I thought, than any I had seen in these caves. The seated Buddha in the centre, and the disciples, saints, and Guardians of the Regions symmetrically grouped on his sides, showed only too plainly how low sculptural art had sunk in Tun-huang."

The time was not yet. The priest was nervous; afraid to show his treasures or part with any of them.

At last it came, and the "Black Hole" room of the manuscripts was unvalled, the key turned in its locked door. In it were bundles rising to a height of nearly ten feet and filling some five hundred cubic feet! For the rest, there was space just big enough for two men to stand in.

Examination did not lessen the value of the "find." On the contrary. Added to the many extraordinarily interesting manuscripts were the remarkable Buddhist paintings described and pictured in "The Thousand Buddhas," recently published by Bernard Quaritch under the orders of the Secretary of State for India.

For the preservation of such documents no better lodging could have been found. "All the manuscripts," wrote Sir Aurel, "seemed to be preserved in exactly the same condition they were in when deposited. Some of the bundles were carelessly fastened with only rough cords and without an outer cloth wrapper; but even this had failed to injure the paper. Nowhere could I trace the slightest effect of moisture. And, in fact, what better place for preserving such relics could be imagined than a chamber carved in the live rock of these terribly barren hills, and hermetically shut off from what moisture, if any, the atmosphere of this desert valley ever contained? Not in the driest soil could relics of a ruined site have so completely escaped injury as they had here in a carefully selected rock chamber where, hidden behind a brick wall, and protected by accumulated drift sand, these masses of manuscripts had lain undisturbed for centuries. How grateful I felt for the special protection thus afforded when, on opening a large packet wrapped in a sheet of stout coloured canvas, I found it full of paintings. . . ."

The luck of the archaeologist was in—and there passed to the priest four horse-shoes of silver, equal to about five hundred rupees!



FROM THE HIDDEN HOARD FOUND IN THE WALLED-UP TEMPLE LIBRARY OF THE CAVES OF THE THOUSAND BUDDHAS: BUNDLES OF MANUSCRIPT ROLLS; MAINLY CHINESE AND IN THEIR ORIGINAL WRAPPERS.

Reproduced from "Ruins of Desert Cathay"; by Courtesy of the India Office, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Macmillan.

and lavishly gilt and painted, and through the high passage or porch giving access and light to the main cella, I could not help glancing to the right where an ugly patch of unplastered brickwork then still masked the door of the hidden chapel.



SHOWING THE DOOR TO THE ROCK-CUT CHAPEL OF THE HIDDEN HOARD (RIGHT): THE CELLA AND PORCH OF WANG TAO-SHIH'S CAVE-TEMPLE.

"On extreme right the locked door leading to the rock-cut chapel, previously walled up, where the hidden library of MSS. was discovered. In foreground MS. bundles taken out for examination. The images on platform of cella are modern."

Reproduced from "Ruins of Desert Cathay"; by Courtesy of the India Office, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Macmillan.

This was not the time to ask questions of my pious guide as to what was being guarded in that mysterious recess, but rather to display my interest in what his zeal had accomplished in the clearing of the cella and its sacred adornment.

"The restoration had been only too thorough. In the middle of the large cella, some forty-six feet



# FROM THE CAVES OF THE THOUSAND BUDDHAS, TUN-HUANG:

REPRODUCED FROM "THE THOUSAND BUDDHAS"; PUBLISHED BY BERNARD QUARITCH, LTD. UNDER THE ORDERS OF H.M. SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA,  
AND WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



THOUSAND-ARMED, WITH AN OPEN EYE ON EACH PALM: AVALOKITEŚVARA;  
WITH ATTENDANT DIVINITIES.

In "The Illustrated London News" of March 25 last we reproduced in monochrome several examples of the remarkable Buddhist paintings recovered by Sir Aurel Stein from a walled-up chapel in "The Caves of the Thousand Buddhas," near Tun-huang, where the westernmost marches of true China adjoin the great deserts of innermost Asia. At the same time we gave an account of their finding. We are now able to reproduce these further examples—from two of the twenty-four plates in colours which, with twenty-four plates in monochrome, and most illuminating text, make up the superb publication just issued under the title, "The Thousand Buddhas." The particular example here reproduced is from

a large painting on silk. "Avalokiteśvara's figure single-headed appears . . . seated within a large circular halo formed by his 'thousand arms,' each showing the symbolic open eye on the palm. Against this background are numerous inner arms, all except four in the centre line of the figure carrying a multiplicity of sacred emblems well known to Buddhist iconography. . . . In front of the high tiara appears the figure of 'Amitābha, his Dhyāni-buddha.' The painting is of Chinese workmanship; but shows "that mixed style of painting to which Indian prototypes, Iranian and Central-Asian influences, and Tibetan taste have all contributed elements, albeit in very disparate proportions."



# PAINTINGS ON SILK, OF THE T'ANG PERIOD—7TH TO 9TH CENTURY A.D.

REPRODUCED FROM "THE THOUSAND BUDDHAS"; PUBLISHED BY BERNARD QUARITCH, LTD., UNDER THE ORDERS OF H.M. SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA, AND WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



PATRON OF TRAVELLERS, REGENT OF HELL, AND LORD OF THE SIX WORLDS OF DESIRE:  
KṢITIGARBHA, WITH THE INFERNAL JUDGES.

This picture is "remarkable for its peculiar colour-scheme and for its archaic appearance in composition and drawing. It represents Kṣitigarbha in his combined character as Patron of Travellers, Regent of Hell, and Lord of the Six Worlds of Desire. . . . Kṣitigarbha in stiff hieratic attitude is seated on a red Padmāsana with his left leg resting on a small lotus and the right bent across. With his right hand he grasps the mendicant's staff, while the left, palm uppermost, is held outwards empty. . . . On either side of the Bodhisattva stands an amply robed figure with hands in adoration. From the fashion in which the hair of the figure on the left is done in two knobs it can be recognised as a man, while the hair descending in a roll on the

neck of the other figure marks it as a woman. Whether the donor and his wife are intended, is not certain. In slanting rows descending from Kṣitigarbha's lotus seat, the Ten Infernal Judges are shown sitting on their heels, five on each side. They wear magisterial robes with head-dresses of varying shapes, and carry narrow rolls of paper in their hands. Their faces, drawn in three-quarter profile, show some endeavour at individual characterization. . . . In the foreground we see again, crouching, a white lion, of very stylized form. A man's figure, probably representing the soul of a departed, stands in adoring pose at its head, while on the opposite side another person with grotesque features raises his hands imploringly towards Kṣitigarbha."



# The Best of the Book

## "SIR ELEPHANT" IN HIS ELEMENT: THE TRAPPER IN THE JUNGLE.\*

IN days not defined with precision, the Sultan of Trengganu, which is now a British Protectorate, was a perfectly Gilbertian person. His philosophy was simple—and Eastern.

He welcomed Mr. Charles Mayer, and discussed his domestic problems with him. For the most part, they were financial.

Said the animal-seeker to him, knowing that he owed money and that his treasury was not empty: "Why do you not pay your debts?"

The Sultan thought awhile, then replied: "Well, I'll tell you. If I pay those people, they will forget about the Sultan of Trengganu. If I don't pay them, they'll never forget me."

"The conversation," Mr. Mayer remarks, "then turned to the subject of prisoners. On the way to the palace I had passed the cages where the prisoners were kept. Many of them were starving to death, for, unless their friends or family cared for them, they got no food. 'Why don't you feed them?' I asked.

"Why should I?" he replied. 'If I feed them, my whole country will want to go to gaol.'"

After that, need it be said that the ruler welcomed the collector—on the strict understanding that the Sultan drew a bonus for all captures!

As a preliminary, Mr. Mayer had worked patiently, living with the natives, learning their language, their difficult little ways, and their jungle craft. Already he was famous as a python-catcher: the specimen he roped and crated was 32 feet long, and full of pig!

Already he had seen hunting with birdlime, mucilage made from the gum of a tree. "In catching tigers or leopards, the hunter spreads out the birdlime where they will pass, and carefully covers it with leaves. Immediately after a cat animal has put his foot in the stuff, he becomes so enraged and helpless, that he is easily captured. The tiger or leopard that steps in birdlime doesn't step gracefully out of it and run away; he tries to bite the stuff from his feet, and then he gets it on his face. When he tries to rub it off, he plasters it over his eyes. Finally, when he is thoroughly covered with it, he is so helpless that without much danger he can be put into a cage; and there he spends weeks in working patiently to remove the gum from his fur. Birds and monkeys are captured in birdlime smeared on the limbs of trees; they stay in it until someone goes up and pulls them out."

For small monkeys, there is the sweetened rag in the bottle.

"The bottle is covered with green rattan and tied to a tree. The monkey puts his hand through the neck and grabs the rag. He cannot pull his hand out while it is doubled up with the rag in it, and he hasn't sense enough to let go. There he sticks, fighting with the bottle, until the hunter comes along and, by pressing the nerves in his elbow, forces him to open his hand and leave the rag for the next monkey."

Very different this, by the way, from the snaring of orang-outangs—in Borneo. There the great pair sought had to be isolated in their tree; neighbouring trees had to be so cut that they could be pulled down at a given moment, that

the "wild man" and his wife might have nothing to which to leap; the home-tree had to be made to fall so that its occupants, crashing down with it, after having been dazed by smoke and shouts, should land in the nets spread for their undoing.

Such things, however, were not the cause of Mr. Mayer's fame. Nor was his taking of rhinos, tigers, leopards, and other beasts coveted by "Zoos" the world over. That rested on the elephant-trapping which earned him the title "Sir Elephant"—*Tuan Gajah*.

He began in style. An immense herd was reported as crossing from the State of Pahang into Trengganu; a serious menace to rice crops, a source of terror to the natives, and as good as an income-tax collector as reducer of the Sultan's revenues!

Free labour was his, by command, and, with it,

As a proof of this, arguing that the reasoning faculties of the elephant are far below those of a dog, although, when domesticated, it is quick at comprehending anything taught it, he notes: "Let us consider whether the elephant displays more intelligence in its wild state than other animals. Though possessed of a proboscis, which is capable of guarding it against such dangers, it readily falls into a pit dug for catching it, only covered with a few sticks and leaves. Its fellows make no effort to assist the fallen one, as they might easily do by kicking in the earth around the pit, but they flee in terror.

"It commonly happens that a young elephant falls into a pit near which the mother will remain until the hunter comes, without doing anything to assist it, not even feeding it by throwing in a few branches." Decidedly suggestive comments, these.

In like vein, he points out that the notion that elephants are treacherous and retentive of injury is groundless.

Other details may be quoted,

There is the note about the period called "must," in which even the most reliable elephant is a danger. "Like the Malay, he 'sees red' and runs amok. A good elephant keeper can detect the madness several days before it reaches the dangerous stage, and by securing the animal with hobbles, can prevent trouble. In the cheeks of the elephant are two small holes, called 'errors,' and from these holes oozes a slight secretion. One of the keeper's duties each day is to examine the holes and run a piece of straw into them. If there is an odour of musk about the straw when he pulls it out, it is an indication that the 'must' period is coming. Sometimes the

keeper fails to make this test, and the elephant runs amok, killing people, and leaving a trail of wreckage behind him."

Further: "There is a great deal of misunderstanding about what an elephant can do with his trunk. It is a sensitive organ, and he never uses it for heavy labour, but he can strike a terrific blow with it. I have seen many a man's ribs and arms broken when he neglected to take the proper precautions."

In Siam the hunts are for tuskers, and the females are, for the most part, allowed to run free again, to breed. "The tuskers are used in the teak forests for handling logs. The females bear young about every three years until they reach an age of from seventy to seventy-five years. The period of carrying varies from eighteen months in the case of a female baby to twenty-one months in the case of a male. A baby elephant weighs approximately two hundred pounds at birth, and stands thirty-six inches high. . . . It grows at the rate of one inch a month up to its third year and attains its full growth, but not maturity, at about twenty-five. . . . The height of an elephant is almost exactly twice the distance around its foot."

Mr. Mayer has written a book which makes the realisms of the "movie" commonplace. Every boy—of knickerbocker years, of the 'forties, and of old age—will rejoice in it. E. H. G.

\* "Trapping Wild Animals in Malay Jungles." By Charles Mayer. (T. Fisher Unwin; 8s. 6d. net.)



WHERE A REMARKABLE HOARD OF BUDDHIST PAINTINGS AND MANUSCRIPTS OF THE T'ANG PERIOD WAS DISCOVERED: "THE CAVES OF THE THOUSAND BUDDHAS," NEAR TUN-HUANG — X MARKS THE POSITION OF THE CAVE OF THE WALLED-UP ANTE-CHAPEL IN WHICH THE FIND WAS MADE.

(See our two pages in colours and article on p. 703).—[Photograph by Courtesy of the India Office and Sir Aurel Stein.]

he contrived a great stockade, duly blessed by a Siamese priest—who sacrificed a white cock in it, and was killed in his turn by one of the victimised beasts for whose discomfiture it had been set up.

The driving of the elephants was a nightmare of yells and beaten tom-toms, the crashing of trees, the tearing of vines, the stumbling of men, the bellowing of the quarry. Then a tossing flood of black poured into the trap; the ropes holding the massive gate were cut; bars were run into sockets; and man had beaten beast.

The bag was sixty elephants. One was a rarity indeed. It had twenty toes instead of the normal eighteen. Now "twenty-toed elephants are held in veneration throughout India, and are keenly sought by all the rajahs and maharajahs for the prosperity they are supposed to bring. They are guarded more carefully, and quartered even more sumptuously than the white elephants of Siam. . . . My little twenty-toed elephant was a faultless specimen." The Maharajah of Mysore bought him for 10,000 rupees.

As to elephants in general, "Sir Elephant"—with nineteen years' experience of capturing them in the Malay Archipelago—destroys various long-cherished ideas.

He remarks, to take a case in point, that the popular estimate of the elephant's intelligence is greatly exaggerated: "Instead of being the exceptionally wise animal it is believed to be, its sagacity is of a very mediocre description."



# MUCH AS IN KIPLING'S TIME: SIMLA—THE SUMMER CAPITAL OF INDIA.



WHERE OFFICIAL INDIA MIGRATES FOR MORE THAN HALF THE YEAR, TO ESCAPE THE HEAT OF THE PLAINS: SIMLA—THE MALL.



"AMID GROVES OF DEODAR AND THE FLAMING RHODODENDRON": SIMLA—CHRIST CHURCH, FROM PELITI'S.



"VICEREGAL LODGE (SEEN IN THE EXTREME LEFT BACKGROUND) IS AS VICEREGAL AS EVER": SIMLA—THE BAZAAR, WITH ITS CLUSTER OF HOUSES, ON ONE OF THE LOWER SPURS OF THE HIMALAYAS.

"In not a few respects," writes Mr. Edward E. Long, C.B.E., "Simla to-day is the Simla of Kipling's time. The railway, from Kalka, in the Punjab, which links up Simla with the plains and the outer world, was not there in Kipling's time, however, and I do not think they had electric light then, or *thés dansants*—there is a profusion of both in these days, and yet, withal, Simla remains the official summer capital of India, where, on their beautiful Olympus the Tin Gods sit and survey a far-distant world beneath them—on the sweltering plains! And Simla is still the scene of the most exclusive social functions, whereat the

question of precedence is studied as a fine art, and a *faux pas* may ruin the hopes of a lifetime. Even the Montagu Reform Scheme has failed to alter this! Viceregal Lodge is as viceregal as ever, and under the Reading régime its reputation for hospitality has not dimmed. Simla is situated on one of the lower spurs of the great Himalayan chain. Its houses lie at elevations between 6600 and 8000 feet above sea-level, often amid groves of deodar and the flaming rhododendron. The season lasts from April to October, official India spending some six and a-half months of each year at Simla, and the rest at Delhi."

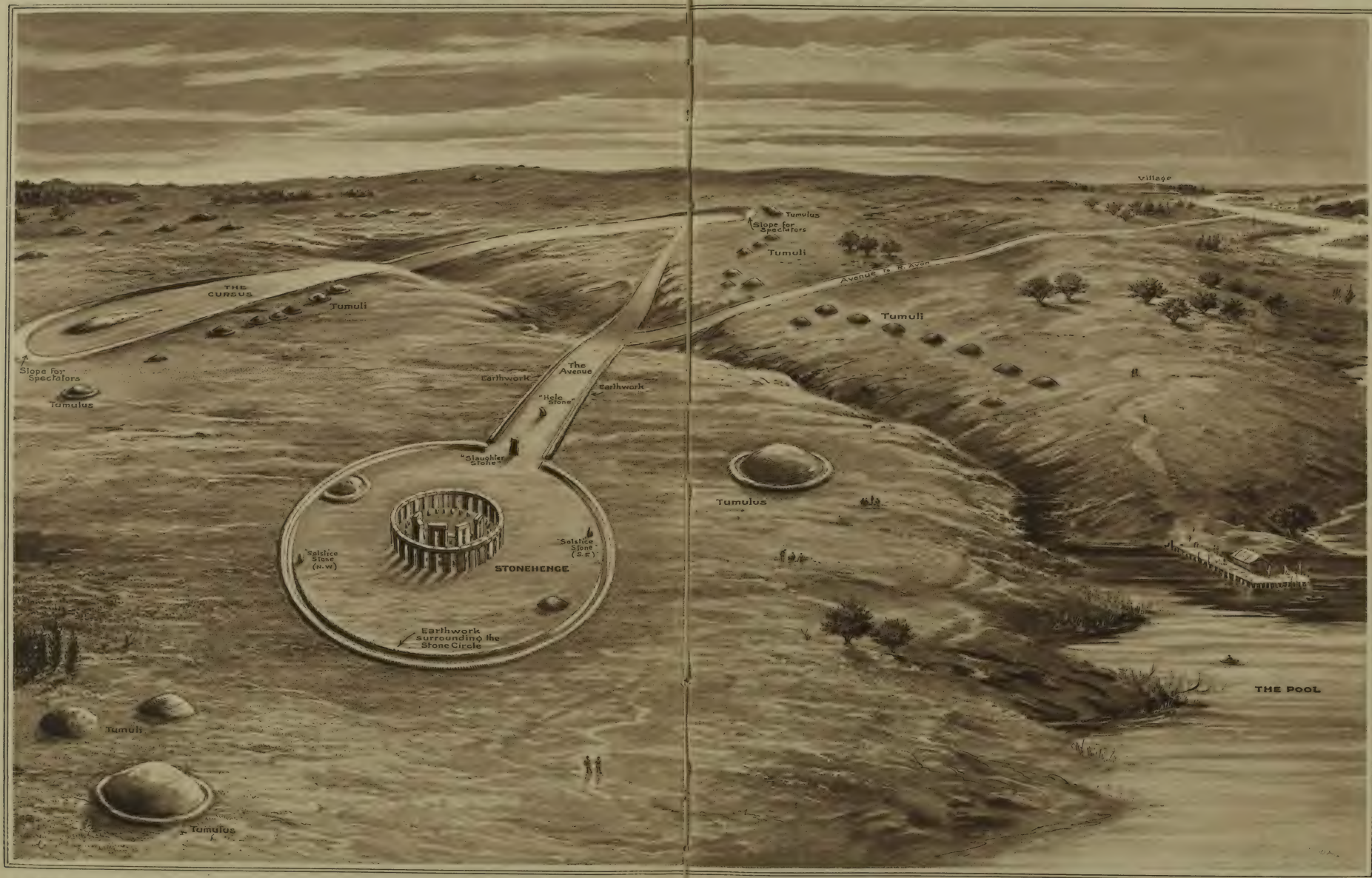


# "A PREHISTORIC WESTMINSTER ABBEY, EXCHANGE, AND EPSOM":

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON, TO ILLUSTRATE

# STONEHENGE AS A CENTRE OF WORSHIP, TRADE, AND SPORT.

THE ARTICLE (ON ANOTHER PAGE) BY MR. J. E. GURDON.



A NEW THEORY OF STONEHENGE: THE TEMPLE IN ITS PERFECT FORM, WITH THE CURSUS OF THE AVON, WITH LANDING-STAGE FOR TRADERS

Recent excavations at Stonehenge have brought to light evidence in the form of pottery, beads, tools, and ornaments, suggesting that Stonehenge was a centre, not only of religion, but also of commerce. This new theory was mentioned in our issue of April 15, when we illustrated another explanation, by Mr. Alfred E. Lee, who relies more on the astronomical indications of sun-worship. The new hypothesis, that Stonehenge was "a kind of prehistoric Westminster Abbey, Royal Exchange, and Epsom racecourse, all in close proximity," was originally put forward by Mr. J. E. Gurdon, and he summarizes his conclusions in an interesting article on another page in the present number. "There is every reason to believe," he writes, "that in those days the water in the Avon stood at a higher

(CHARIOT RACE-COURSE) IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND, AND A FORMER BACKWATER (RIGHT FOREGROUND)—A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING.

level. If that were the case, the low-lying ground to the south-east of Stonehenge must have formed a backwater sufficiently deep for the navigation of rafts. . . . The contention that a racecourse existed in the immediate vicinity rests on the presence of a singular earthwork, popularly known as the 'Cursus.' The main avenue leading from the stone circle is oriented towards a point on the horizon at which the sun rises at the summer solstice, as seen along a line from the centre of the great trilithon passing over the Hele Stone (Sun Stone) in the Avenue. The branch avenue turning off on the right towards a ford over the Avon is held to indicate commercial uses. Traces of these avenues still remain.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## LOOKING EXACTLY LIKE PALATIAL BUILDINGS ON LAND: THE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE



WITH BEDSTEADS, NOT BERTHS, AND SQUARE WINDOWS INSTEAD OF PORTHOLES: THE BED-ROOM OF A SALOON SPECIAL SUITE ON BOARD THE GREAT CUNARDER "BERENGARIA."



DOMED AND TWO-TIERED, AS IN A GREAT HOTEL, DINING-SALOON, "PROBABLY THE

## UN-SHIPLIKE APPEARANCE OF THE GREAT MODERN LINER.

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SPACIOUS "ARCHITECTURE" ON BOARD THE LARGEST SHIP IN THE WORLD: THE PALM COURT OF THE WHITE STAR LINER "MAJESTIC," WITH LOFTY CEILING AND PILLARS.



SUGGESTING THE HALL OF A GREAT MANSION, WITH BROAD STAIRCASE, PICTURES, AND TALL WINDOWS IN THE ROOM BEYOND: THE ENTRANCE TO THE LOUNGE OF THE "MAJESTIC."



"A REPRODUCTION OF AN OLD ENGLISH APARTMENT THE "BERENGARIA," WITH TIMBERED CEILING,



OF THE TUDOR PERIOD": THE SMOKING-ROOM OF PANELLED WALLS, AND MASSIVE STONE FIREPLACE.



REMINISCENT OF A GREAT LONDON CLUB: THE SWIMMING-BATH IN THE "MAJESTIC," WITH ITS SOLID PILLARS, MARBLE FLOOR AND SEATS, AND UPPER GALLERY.

The interior of a big modern liner is more like a palatial mansion than a ship, and there is very little to suggest life on the ocean wave. The public rooms are so spacious and lofty, and so solidly constructed, as to give a perfect impression of some great building on land. It is the same with the sleeping accommodation. Instead of berths, there are real roomy bedsteads, with other furniture as in ordinary bed-rooms ashore, and square-shaped windows instead of portholes. An inspection of the above photographs reveals nothing of a seafaring character, and if they had been described as representing some great hotel or club, or stately country house, probably few of our readers would have been any the wiser. The two ships here illustrated are both ex-German vessels, of the "Imperator" class, surrendered under the Peace Treaty. The "Majestic" (formerly the "Bismarck") was bought from the Admiralty by

the White Star Line, and the "Berengaria" (formerly the "Imperator") was acquired by the Cunard Company. Both have been converted to burn oil fuel. The "Majestic" is the largest ship in the world—956 ft. long, 100 ft. in beam, and 102 ft. high, with a displacement of 56,000 tons. The "Berengaria" (one of whose immense air-shafts was illustrated in our last issue—May 6), is 919 ft. long and 98 ft. in beam, with a tonnage of 52,022. Her dining-saloon extends across the whole width of the ship, and is 100 ft. long. There are also a spacious new ball-room and a swimming-bath, as in the "Majestic." Both ships recently arrived at Southampton to join the Atlantic services, and the remarkable sight was presented there of four of the world's largest liners lying together, for the "Aquitania" and the "Mauretania" were also alongside the Southampton wharves.



# THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE QUEEN has been intensely interested in her visit to Belgium. Already a real friendship existed between our King and Queen and their Belgian Majesties; it was strengthened by this week's visit, because King Albert and Queen Elizabeth are perfect as host and hostess. There is much to be seen of closest interest, and the visit was undoubtedly a success. So far as I have heard or seen, no authoritative announcement has been made of the engagement of the Duc de Brabant, Crown Prince of Belgium, to Princess Yolanda of Italy. He will be twenty-one in November, and she will be twenty-one in June. It has crossed my mind that the second daughter of the King and Queen of Italy, Princess Mafalda, is exactly one year younger than the Belgian Crown Prince, and that she may be the fiancée. This is, perhaps, due to the obstinacy of my amateur mental match-making schemes, which reserve Princess Yolanda for another Prince. There are people who prophesy that a royal wedding may take place this season, with the Duke of York as bridegroom and a British Princess as bride. We shall see what we shall see, and we shall be very anxious to see another royal wedding—we liked the last so much!

I was in the vestibule of the Opera House when the shilling off income tax began to be discussed. Said a portly person with a very assertive diamond as a shirt-stud, "What's a shilling? Neither here nor there! Better have left it till they could have got four off!" Said a meek little lady, "Oh, what a relief!" Said a stately dame, "A drop out of the ruination that a wasteful Government rains on us! Depend upon it, they will drop on us for it some other way." The remark I most cordially agreed with was, "Oh, bother the income tax—it's a nuisance! Let's forget it, and go and hear the music." The house was full, and proceedings began with the National Anthem. There were no royal people present, of course, as Lord Leopold Mountbatten's funeral had occupied the morning. He was a great favourite with them all, and his death caused deep sorrow among his relatives.

"Much cry and little wool" is an old saw that describes the well-meant efforts of several newspapers to turn the very uneventful first week of this month into a brilliant opening of the London season. The spring is backward, and events have transpired to make the social season like it. What it will be like is yet "on the knees of the gods," but there is in knowledgeable quarters every hope that it will be good. That nimble shilling is a step in the right direction. It will be very willingly spent, and others to bear it company. There are a number of hostesses intending to give dances who say they are held up through not knowing if there are to be evening Courts, and, if so, the dates of them. This need not really affect them, because there were dances after almost every Court when we had them; but it is a harmless little loyal affectation that they are dependent on Court fixtures.

Those who looked for and believed that they saw indications of coming styles at the Academy Private View were sanguine, and also imaginative. The weather was cold; everyone was aware that there would be a crowd, and the woman who knows carefully refrains from airing her latest and her best beloved on such an occasion. There was a dowdiness about dress that was just slightly relieved by some new hats, looking a little uncomfortably gay and fresh, and by some self-sacrificing ladies who introduced a little humour by the eccentricity of their costumes, and to whom one felt grateful. On the other hand, there was a very genuine interest in the pictures, and they were

True, there was a Conference at Downing Street which amused us ever so much because its Irish members went about our peaceful streets in motor-cars with armed guards, and lots of people thought they were prisoners. That was a British Conference. But these others we poor Britishers never get a look in at; we can only read the newspapers about them, and, as they flatly contradict each other, we still more strongly crave the chance to form some little opinion for ourselves of those things for which we are paying so heavily.

It is a hard thing to believe that spring is here. One of the matters that go to make us realise its arrival, despite cool nights and mornings, is spring feelings, not fancies which turn to thoughts of love, but sensations which prompt us to lay in a store of Dinneford's Magnesia, without which no system will revolve smoothly, especially in England now that spring is come—none too soon. Dinneford's and dinner bear this subtle relation to each other, that you can thoroughly enjoy and benefit from the latter if you give yourself occasional courses of the former. Be sure it is Dinneford's: there is the name on bottle and labels, and the price is 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d. There is a run on it now, so do not accept the excuse "Sorry, we are out of it; but this is just the same." Depend upon it, it is nothing of the sort.

It is with real regret that from day to day we read of the passing of the stately homes of England. About the economic value of the process, few of our sex know or care. The sentimental, historical and romantic side is what intrigues us. Viscount Boyne, whose wife is Viscountess Lascelles's only sister, is dismantling Brancepeth Castle, near Durham, being unable to keep it up owing to heavy taxation. It is a wonderful old place, with which the Queen was delighted when she visited Lord and Lady Boyne during her stay with the King as guests of the Earl of Durham. It is very old and very fine, and will no doubt become a picturesque ruin. Cassiobury is also to be given up; the Earl of Essex cannot keep it going. It has a stirring history, the older part

dating from early Stuart days. The sale there is to begin on the 12th of next month, when relics of Charles I. will come to the hammer, including a piece of the ribbon of the Garter which he wore on the scaffold. Pictures by Rubens, Teniers, Lely, Reynolds, Morland, Turner and Vandyck, and exquisite carvings by Grinling Gibbons will be sold. There is a portrait of Henry IV. with an inscription relating that he laid the first stone of the house (an earlier one pulled down in 1699) and left the picture in it. For two years Cassiobury was the residence of Queen Adelaide, in whose bed-room are some fine tapestries. The furniture and old plate will be a great opportunity for opulent Americans to secure beautiful and genuine period pieces, although doubtless there will be many dealers to compete for these.

A. E. L.



FOR UNCERTAIN WEATHER.

Our climate being what it is, it is just as well to be provided with garments which, while they shelter us from wet and cold, are smart in appearance. Aquascutum, Ltd., of 100, Regent Street, provide for this need, and above is an Aquascutum coat cut on the same lines as a man's coat, and a cape which is somewhat of an innovation, as it is cut without a seam.

discussed in a much more understanding way than of yore. Americans tell us that our two chief topics of conversation are the Academy and the weather—until Ascot, which is then substituted for the former. Like Demetrius in "The Red Lamp," I wonder?

For the lives of us Britons, we cannot think why we never have a Conference of Nations here in our own lil' village? We don't want to confer—at least, a very, very few of us do—but we wonder why our Prime Minister should be away weeks at a time; why what money is spent should never get into our own people's coffers; why we are not allowed to see the Bolshies and the Boches, which would give us a less risky thrill than shaking hands with a polite wolf at the Zoo; why we have no opportunity of discussing the representatives?





FOLLOWING "THE BLUE BOY" AS "STAR" EXHIBIT AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY: VAN DYCK'S "COUNTESS OF SOUTHAMPTON" AS "FORTUNE IN THE CLOUDS"—FOR AUSTRALIA.

The old question of the export of art treasures from this country has cropped up again in connection with the sale of Raeburn's portrait of Scott to an American firm, as illustrated on a double-page in this number, and was mentioned by Lord Lascelles in a recent speech at University College. Van Dyck's portrait of Rachel de Ruvigny, Countess of Southampton (1603-40), has just been bought for the National Gallery of Melbourne under the terms of the Felton Bequest, by Mr. Frank Rinder, from Lady Lucas, who especially wished that it should go to a public gallery within the British Empire, and conducted the negotiations in a patriotic

spirit. In a monograph on Van Dyck, Mr. Lionel Cust states that the portrait was painted in 1636: the lady, he adds, "was proud and somewhat eccentric, and this strange composition (as 'Fortune in the Clouds') was no doubt of her own designing." She was a daughter of the Seigneur de Ruvigny, and her second husband was Thomas Wriothesley, fourth Earl of Southampton. It was arranged that the portrait, before leaving England, should be placed on view for three weeks at the National Gallery, in the space (apparently reserved for famous departing pictures), occupied by "The Blue Boy" before it went to America.

By COURTESY OF LADY LUCAS. PHOTOGRAPH BY W. E. GRAY.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

"RAINING CATS AND DOGS."

WHILE we talk unconcernedly of raining "cats and dogs," most of us "jib" at stories of rains of fishes. Not even the proverbial "pinch of salt" will make them palatable. We are like the old lady listening to the wonders narrated by her sailor son just home from abroad. He told her of rivers of rum and mountains of sugar, and fishes that fly. That he should have seen the two first seemed to her natural enough, but she protested that she was much too old a bird to believe in the existence of flying fishes!

We are now assured, however, on high authority, that our scepticism was unjustified. Dr. Gudger, of the American Museum of Natural History, has taken the trouble to collect and analyse a large series of records of such reported occurrences, and these, for the most part, he regards as well authenticated. "Our oldest and first account," he remarks, "of a rain of fishes is found in the 'Deipnosophists,' or 'Banquet of the Learned,' of Athenæus of Naucratis, in Egypt, who flourished at the end of the second, and the beginning of the third, centuries Anno Domini. But this good man merely quotes another author—Phœnias—who in the second book of his 'Eresian Magistrates,' says that in the Chersonesus it once rained fishes uninterruptedly for three days. And he in turn quotes yet another writer, who said that 'the people' had often seen it raining fishes. The testimony of Athenæus of Naucratis does not seem to be worth very much in this regard!

More convincing is the account of Robert Conny, published by the Royal Society of London in 1698. He cites a case, though at second-hand, where just two-and-thirty years earlier a field of some two acres in area, at Cranstead, near Wrotham, in Kent, was strewn with small fishes after a storm. The fish are described as young whiting, about the length of a man's little finger; and they fell in "a place which is far from any part of the sea, and a place where are no fishponds, but a scarcity of water." About a bushel of these small fishes were gathered up.

In a multitude of witnesses there is safety. Let

us, then, take the case of the army that, in 1809, on the testimony of John Harriott, was "on the march, a short distance from Pondicherry, when a quantity of small fish fell with the rain, to the astonishment of all. Many of them lodged on the men's hats; when General Smith, who commanded, desired them to be collected, and afterwards, when we came to our camping ground, they were dressed, making a small dish that was served up and eaten at the General's table." This is a case, surely, where the

cutta, where, on September 20, 1839, there fell, in a heavy squall, a number of small live fish about three inches long. These, it is to be noted, were not scattered over the country, but were found in a long, narrow, and fairly straight row.

Sir J. E. Tennant, in his "Natural History of Ceylon," records a number of cases of fishes falling with rain. On one occasion, he tells us, he saw a violent shower fall on the road just ahead of him, and when he arrived at the spot found "a multitude of small, silvery fish, one and a half to two inches long, leaping on the gravel of the high roads; numbers of them I collected and brought away." One could scarcely demand higher testimony.

Just over sixty years ago a very remarkable fall of fishes took place near Aberdare, in the month of February, during heavy rain and a high wind. A sawyer, whose evidence was taken at the time, says that he was startled by something falling "all over me. . . . I was surprised to find they were little fish. . . . the whole ground was covered with them. They covered the ground in a long strip of about 80 yards by 12 yards. My mates and I might have gathered bucketfuls of them. . . . we did gather about a bucketful and threw them into the rain pool." Some of these were later sent to the Aquarium of the Zoological Gardens.

If we are to believe in the fall of fishes with rain—and the evidence seems to place these reports on a basis of fact—are we also to accept similar cases in regard to frogs? Only a very few records of such occurrences seem to exist, and these are all of considerable antiquity. One of the last dates from 1549, when, we are told, frogs fell from heaven near the town of Colmar, Upper Alsace, in such abundance that they were killed with clubs; and that their dead bodies so polluted the air that the authorities had to have them cleared away.

While it would seem wisest to suspend judgment in the case of the frogs, we must accept that as to the fishes; which seem, in all cases, to have been drawn up from the surface of the sea, or lakes, in the form of "fry," by water-spouts, and thereafter dispersed over the land.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



UNVEILED BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES TOWNSEND, M.P. THE HAMPSTEAD WAR MEMORIAL, ON THE SUMMIT OF THE HEATH.

An obelisk in memory of the men of Hampstead who died in the war was unveiled by General Townsend on May 4. It stands on the highest point of Hampstead Heath, opposite Jack Straw's Castle. The Bishop of Willesden conducted the dedication, and the Rev. R. F. Horton, D.D., delivered an address.

Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.

"proof of the pudding was in the eating!" Occurrences of this kind seem to be fairly frequent in India, judging from the numerous records that Dr. Gudger has been able to collect. Two of these will suffice for further quotation, for they are all very similar.

There is the case where, in 1829, fishes fell at Meerut, on the men of Her Majesty's 14th Regiment, then out at drill, and were caught in numbers. And that at the Sunderbunds, about twenty miles south of Cal-

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Century of many famous travellers.

Shade of Beau Nash:

"Greetings ! JOHNNIE WALKER, I vow you are indeed elegant. You have style, you have character, you are universally admired."



## STONEHENGE. A PREHISTORIC TRADING AND SPORTS CENTRE.

(SEE ILLUSTRATION ON PAGES 708-709.)

[The article printed here deals exclusively with the evidence relating to Stonehenge as a trading and sporting centre. Lack of space makes it impossible for the writer to discuss the probability of human sacrifices or the site of the original temple.]

IT is peculiar how that pile of gigantic stones on Salisbury Plain stimulates argument. No doubt, worthy Roman residents of Wiltshire felt its



TO APPEAR IN THE NEWSPAPER PRESS FUND MATINÉE: MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY AS JULIET.

In the Newspaper Press Fund matinée at Drury Lane, on May 16, Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry will appear with her company in the Potion scene of "Romeo and Juliet." She played Juliet at the New Theatre in 1911, and at His Majesty's in 1913. Recently she has made a great success by her fine emotional acting in "The Wheel." The Newspaper Press Fund is an admirable organisation which deserves the fullest support. Tickets for the matinée can be obtained at Drury Lane and the usual agencies.

Photograph by Foulsham and Hanfield, Ltd.

spell. One can imagine some toga-clad antiquary remarking to his fellow, "Now, concerning that barbarian temple yonder—" And his companion would interrupt scornfully, "Temple! Can you be referring to the ancient military encampment?" After which, of course, a life-long friendship would be severed.

Should this imagined incident be true, then history has repeated itself to the limit of redundancy. But a catalogue of past controversies, although doubtless fascinating reading, is not the object of this article. The present discussion concerning the sporting and commercial uses of Stonehenge in prehistoric days affords ample material in itself.

By those who have long been accustomed to consider Stonehenge solely as a monument to some bygone religion, the suggestion that it may have also been a precursor to Epsom and the Royal Exchange has been viewed as almost sacrilegious. That, however, is a matter for their consciences, of which no man can be judge. Passing by that aspect of the problem, I will present the evidence in the case before the jury of readers.

The reader, one must assume in the absence of evidence to the contrary, is a busy man, and has, therefore, had but limited opportunity of enriching his knowledge on the subject of Stonehenge. It may even be that his information is confined to the following facts: that Stonehenge is a ruin apparently of great antiquity lying on Salisbury Plain; and that, as a tax-payer, he personally has contributed his mite to H.M. Office of Works for the purpose of restoring and preserving the monument. The accuracy of this information need not be considered, but a few additions of a more definite nature are clearly permissible.

The ground-plan of Stonehenge is a simple affair built up of rings and horse-shoes. Some of the elements used to complete this pattern are plain,

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AS SHE WILL APPEAR IN THE NEWSPAPER PRESS FUND MATINÉE: MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE AS HECUBA, IN "THE TROJAN WOMEN."

Miss Sybil Thorndike, the famous tragic actress, will repeat at Drury Lane on May 16, for the Newspaper Press Fund, her fine performance as Hecuba in "The Trojan Women" of Euripides, as translated by Professor Gilbert Murray, given recently at the Palace Theatre. The part of the child Astyanax (son of Hector and Andromache and grandson of Hecuba) is played by Miss Mary Casson.

upright stones standing at regular intervals; others trilithons—two uprights carrying lintels across their apices. These trilithons are of sarsen, a rock commonly found on Salisbury Plain; but the smaller, isolated uprights are called "Foreign Stones," since nothing resembling them has ever been found near Wiltshire. The dimensions of the monument are of interest to antiquaries, but, as they have no direct bearing on the present problem, may be omitted.

Clearly the presence of these "Foreign Stones" requires some explanation, and explanations without number have been advanced. It has been suggested that the stones were carried to the Plain by a glacier, and subsequently deposited. At first

(Continued overleaf.)

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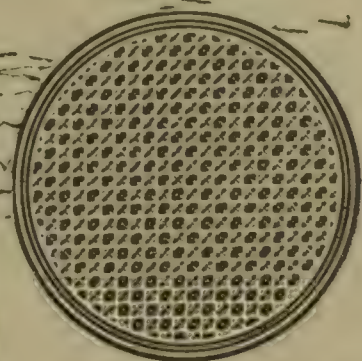


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*Continued.*

sight this theory appears feasible; but, if it were correct, pebbles of a similar material would be found in Wiltshire gravel. There are no such pebbles. Another explanation, which was long accepted, is ingenious though fanciful. We are informed that the Devil brought these stones by air from Ireland, and that, when adjusting his burden near Bulford, one stone slipped from his grasp and plunged into the Avon. It is true that such a stone has actually been located in the bed of the river, but further confirmation is required.

Since natural or supernatural agencies fail to account for their presence, one must assume that men brought the stones to the Plain. The reasons for undertaking such a labour are obscure, but not incomprehensible. Sun-worship and idolatry are closely akin, and it is probable that Megalithic peoples worshipped the stones themselves rather than the invisible powers to which they were dedicated. Under such circumstances it would be natural for a tribe, compelled to migrate under pressure of invasion or famine, to desire the continued presence of its stone gods.

The builders of the trilithons used local stones, and no motive can be imagined which would have induced them to roam far afield for the less important isolated uprights. It may safely be assumed that the "Foreign Stones" belong to an earlier period, both for this reason and also because the big trilithons are far more carefully and scientifically trimmed. In short, the "Foreign Stones" formed either part or whole of a much older temple. This conclusion is of great importance, since it proves that the site of Stonehenge was holy ground before ever the monument in its present form was erected—a fact which bears upon the contention that the district was a commercial and sporting centre. At first, there does not seem to be any close connection between a sanctuary and trade, but it must be remembered that such dissociation is a modern innovation. In prehistoric days the business man was subject to more open methods of robbery. Negotiations were apt to terminate suddenly owing to the stronger man reaching for his club.

But prehistoric folk extended to their temple that respect which is now commonly paid to the

law courts. They were as anxious to avoid conflict with their priests as the modern merchant is to steer clear of lawyers. Why, then, should it be surprising that they should conduct their bartering under the protective ægis of the temple, where bloodshed was taboo unless conducted by holy men?

The double antiquity of Stonehenge is in itself strong ground for expecting traces of prehistoric commercial activity. Since the "Foreign Stones" indicate sanctity previous to the coming of the trilithon builders, it is not extravagant to assume that the only meeting-ground safe alike to the older

of flint implements, tools fashioned of animals' bones, broken domestic pottery, beads and bronze ornaments. Upholders of the exclusively religious theory proffer no adequate explanation to account for the presence of these relics.

Stonehenge was topographically in an excellent situation as a trading centre. Running north-east from the monument is the Avenue, now marked only by two parallel ridges on the turf, but once a broad, level roadway. Its accurate orientation certainly indicates a religious significance, but its continuation on to the site of an ancient ford across the Avon suggests secular utility.

In those days the water in the Avon apparently stood at a higher level. If so, the low-lying ground to the south-east of Stonehenge must have formed a backwater sufficiently deep for the navigation of rafts. Facilities for the transport of goods by water were welcome in times when roads were practically non-existent. Piecing together all this evidence, we can hardly avoid the conclusion that Stonehenge was the Royal Exchange of its day.

Much criticism also greeted the contention that a racecourse existed in the immediate vicinity. This contention, of course, rests on the presence of a singular earthwork, popularly known as the "Cursus," which at one point joins the Avenue. One writer suggests that there is no evidence of the use of the Cursus as a racecourse other than its present name and very properly points out that this would be a deceptive argument. Apparently, he argues that the careful orientation of the Cursus deprived it of any but religious uses, although their nature is left entirely to the imagination. What purely religious purpose could have been served by a broad, straight, long track, having a loop at one end eminently suitable for the turning of a chariot to cover the course a second time? Why should mounds have been erected of a nature and situation calculated to enable large crowds to witness some occurrence within the Cursus? The orientation of the track need excite no dismay. That it had some religious significance is almost a certainty, and is just what would be expected. Sport, like trade, was intimately associated with religion and religious festivals among all primitive people.

J. E. GURDON.



A MEMORIAL TO 517 OFFICERS AND MEN OF STOCKWELL: THE NEW CLOCK TOWER BEING UNVEILED BY PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE.

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residents and the immigrants should be the mutually sacred area. Intercourse would, therefore, naturally gravitate to Stonehenge, bringing with it a revival of trade with less local tribes already accustomed to the security of the neighbourhood.

But this, it may be asserted, is pure supposition. Fortunately, the theory is backed by corroborative evidence. Scattered about within a narrow circle enclosing the building there lie countless fragments

second time? Why should mounds have been erected of a nature and situation calculated to enable large crowds to witness some occurrence within the Cursus? The orientation of the track need excite no dismay. That it had some religious significance is almost a certainty, and is just what would be expected. Sport, like trade, was intimately associated with religion and religious festivals among all primitive people.

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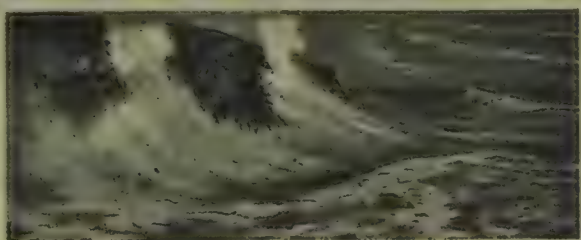
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The Chancellor of the Exchequer is budgeting for a yield of rather more than £10,500,000 from the motor taxes during the current financial year, and there is no reasonable doubt about his expectations being realised. As a matter of fact, all the indications point to an excess over the figure noted. It is a great deal of money to take from one form of traction, one single industry, and that one still in its comparative infancy. The check upon development is unquestionably enormous. The general burden of taxation is too heavy to be borne by industry and by the community generally, but when the motor impost is added to

motor industry is penalised by a policy born of the prodigality of war time. Obviously, the tax is a check on expansion, and is one that tends to defeat itself, as all super-taxation must do in time.

All this money is taken from the motorist under the guise of a contribution to better roads. Well, it may be so, but I must say that, although I cover a very considerable mileage in many parts of the country, I have not yet been able to discover any of these better roads that the Ministry of Transport tells us we are getting for our money. Instead, they appear to be going from bad to worse. I make bold to say that there is not a main road out of London which is not to-day in a generally worse condition than it was at this time last year. I suppose the answer will be that we had an abnormally dry summer last year, and that the past winter—over at last, we hope—has been as abnormally wet.

Between the two, what is the poor road surveyor to do? I don't know; but it is nevertheless a fact that, so far as the provision of better roads is concerned, our money is being taken and devoted to anything at all save that. Let us hope the next generation of motorists will benefit from the money we are paying out of our thinly lined pockets to-day.

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argued here, though I would remark in passing that, while undoubtedly the overhead-valve positioning gives a greater engine efficiency, there is still a good deal to be said for the rival system, more particularly

(Continued overleaf.)




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that of the individual who is progressive enough to take advantage of the latest form of transport which inventive genius has placed at his disposal, he may be pardoned for stopping to think whether the game is worth the candle or not. In very many cases he reaches the conclusion that he cannot afford to pay more in direct taxation than is taken from him in the shape of income tax, local rates, and so forth—it has to stop somewhere, and he decides that the first thing he will do without is a car. So sales are lost, and the



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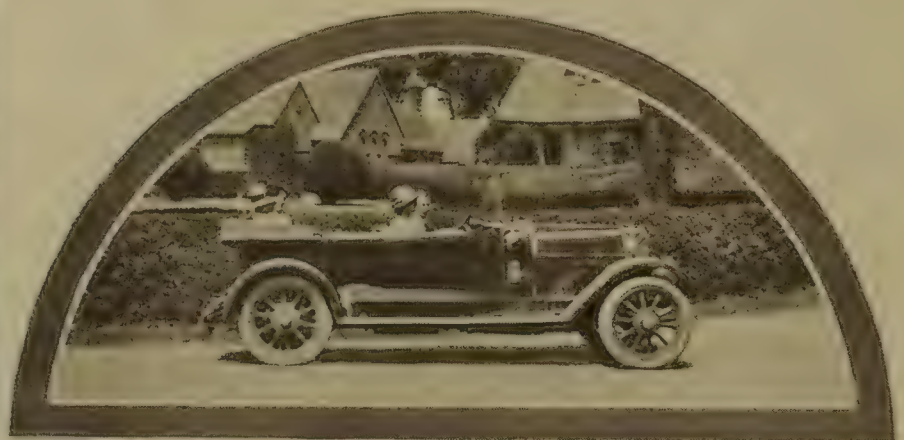
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| 1000 "    | "   | 9 h. 2 m. 2s.    |     | 110·69 "      | "      |
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| 24 hours | ... | 1465·6 miles | ... | 61·06 m.p.h. | { BRITISH DOUBLE<br>TWELVE - HOUR<br>RECORD. |
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(Continued.)

on the score of greater accessibility. Another very striking departure in this new Hotchkiss car is that the "open" propeller shaft and the absence of torque members, the drive being taken through the springs, a system that is known as the "Hotchkiss drive," has been abandoned in favour of a torque-tube yoked to the centre cross-member of the frame. Beyond these two outstanding changes, there is nothing remarkable about the design, save that it fully reaches that standard of excellence which one has always associated with the name. The Hotchkiss has always been a particularly robust and well-built car, designed for lasting qualities. It is almost literally a car that it is impossible to wear out, and I should say this one is not a bit behind its predecessors in this respect.

As to road performance, I found this all that the most exacting critic could desire.



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A modest shilling will buy the season's number of *Eve, the Lady's Pictorial*, published on May 10. The usual features and attractive appearance of that successful woman's paper have been reinforced by a colour section, to which the French artist, Jean Gabriel Domergue, contributes some striking fashions.

In a note under Mr. Norman Wilkinson's drawing of a whale being used as a target for post-war naval gunnery, given in our issue of April 29, one of the ships firing was inadvertently misnamed as being "H.M.S. *Arethusa*, Admiral Tyrwhitt's Flag-ship." As a correspondent has pointed out, the *Arethusa* was mined and sunk, near Harwich, on Feb. 14, 1916.

In connection with the portraits of Shakespeare given in our issue of April 29, with an article by Mr. M. H. Spielmann, we quoted from the Burdett-Coutts sale catalogue a letter of 1792 stating that the Felton portrait came from "an old House known by the Sign of the Boar in Eastcheap." Mr. Spielmann disclaims the quotation, and writes: "The story that the Felton portrait was found at the Boar's Head in

Eastcheap is typical of the falsity of these 'traditional statements,' innocently accepted by amateurs of the subject. As a matter of fact, the Boar's Head and all its contents had been burned down—which the inventor of the tale did not know."

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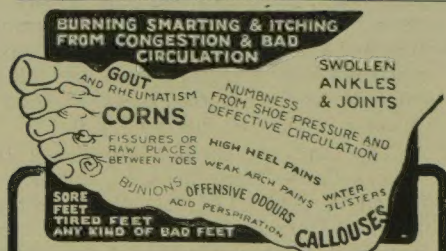
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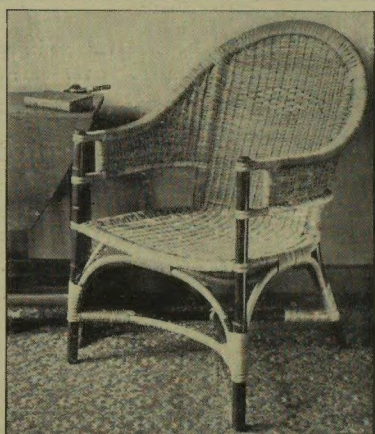
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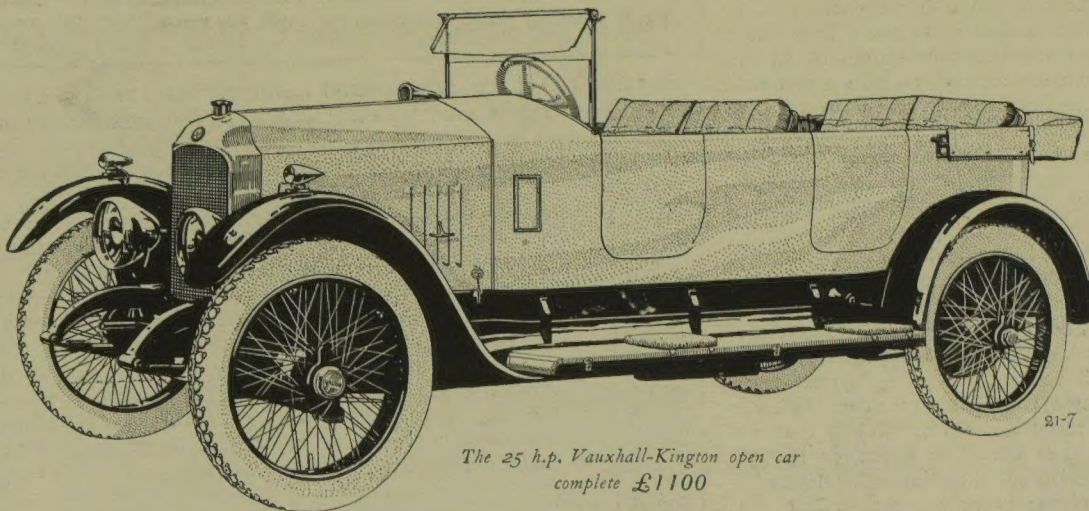
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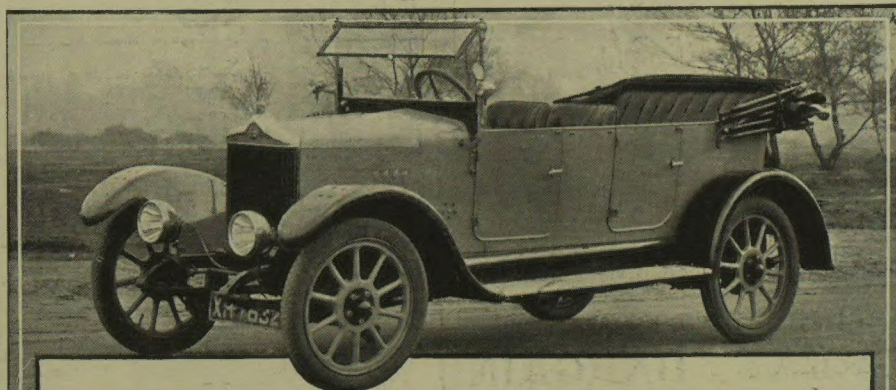
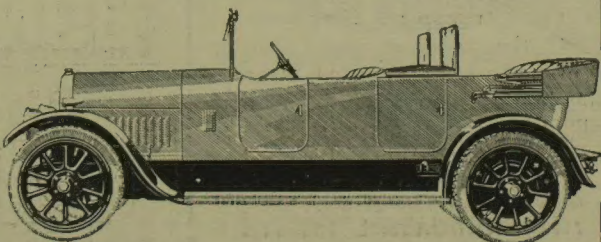
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## THE TALKING MACHINE.

IT can now be said that the gramophone has come into its own as a serious member of the family of musical instruments. In its earliest days it was treated as a toy, and it was a long time before any singers of note could be persuaded to have their voices recorded, and so quite a few years elapsed before anything in the nature of a library of records came into being. As a novelty it achieved a certain success, for folk were not very critical, being content to wonder, and professing delight if they could make out half-a-dozen consecutive words. But novelty is brief, and the gramophone came into being almost simultaneously with several other important inventions. Its musical value was small, and it was soon ousted from popularity by other and still newer marvels.

Until Patti, Tamagno, and other really great artists of the previous generation made records, serious progress was slow indeed. Patti, in particular, was delighted with the results, and, it is said, embraced the horn of the instrument on which the records had been played over to her. From then onward, development was steady, and to-day we have its fruition in the wonderful instruments and almost bewildering choice of records, from the latest dance novelty to the complete opera or symphonic work. The educational function of the gramophone is now recognised, and children are being taught to appreciate and know what is good in music, and, being thus caught at the most receptive age, leave school with a wholesome taste, and not a little knowledge of the subject.

Of late, and particularly during the last two or three years, the great recording companies have, without interfering with their output of popular music, including a simply amazing number of cleverly played records of the latest dances, given the really musically minded a growing stream of splendidly recorded-works of an important nature. The finest conductors of the day have become familiar with the recording-room. Composers like Elgar and Strauss have given their own interpretations in a permanent form. Great singers and players have built up an almost inexhaustible repertoire of perfectly performed excerpts from the great and ever-increasing catalogue of music of all nations.

Some particulars of one of the very latest developments in this fascinating industry have reached us from the Darbycord Studios, of 71, New Bond Street.

Here Mr. W. Sinkler Darby, a recording expert who has taken records of the majority of the great virtuosi, has opened a studio for the purpose of making records for private individuals, as apart from the commercial record. Records of singing, playing, or talking can be made, and Mr. Darby has devoted much time to the recording of the voices of little children. He played us a record made by a young man aged two-and-three-quarter years, a most charming production. In years to come we can imagine no more treasured



THE VOICES OF THE CHILDREN PRESERVED BY GRAMOPHONE: A LITTLE BOY AND GIRL MAKING RECORDS AT THE DARBYCORD STUDIOS.

possession of this small "artist" than his recorded conversation between himself, "Mummy, dear" and "Nanny, dear." The cadences of the baby voice are caught in every detail, even to the very intense kisses with which the record ends.

"Darbycord" should have a great vogue as soon as it becomes well known, for there must be a large body of musicians, public speakers and elocutionists who will welcome this means of hearing themselves as others do. Here is a great opportunity for the correction of faults, the nature of which could not otherwise be grasped. There are many processes through which the record has to pass, from the first

wax impression to the finished and tastefully labelled product. As a gift to friends at a distance, especially to those abroad, the idea has a strong appeal, and the Darbycord Studios are already working on records intended as presents at Christmas, to be sent out to the Colonies. The price quoted, of 12 guineas for six 10-inch records, and 14 guineas for a like number of 12-inch, appears to us to be very reasonable.

The new "His Master's Voice" issues for May have just come to hand. It is a very full list, and contains some really important records. The Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of Sir Edward Elgar, gives us a fine rendering of his brilliant transcription of the C minor organ fugue of Bach, together with a transcription of the chorus, "A Little Bird in the Air," from his choral work, "King Olaf."

Sir Landon Ronald, conducting the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra, gives us the final records of Dvorak's Fifth Symphony, "From the New World." In the operatic section, Clarence Whitehill, the great American basso, gives a rich rendering of the first part of Wotan's "Farewell," from "Die Walküre." Martinelli is in fine voice in the beautiful air, "Lontan, Lontan," from "Eugen Onegin," and Galli-Curci gives an astounding example of perfect voice control in "Come per me sereno," from Bellini's opera, "La Sonnambula."

Rachmaninoff is heard in a transcription of an old Viennese waltz melody which Kreisler had saved from being forgotten. The piano tone here is very fine, as it is also in Irene Scharrer's new records of Chopin's Waltz in E minor and Prelude in F sharp minor. The popular side is also well provided for.

Of particular interest are the new records from "The Beggar's Opera." The two double-sided discs contain twelve of the numbers sung by members of the Lyric (Hammersmith) Company, to the accompaniment of their orchestra, conducted by Frederic Austin. The records issued last year were very fine, and the new ones are excellent. Some of the "new" numbers are included: the "Rat" song, "Lillibulero," set as a duet to the words beginning, "The modes of the Court so common are grown"; the rollicking old "Sir Simon the King"; the "Quarrel," sung by Molly Brazen and Suky Tawdry; and one of the most beautiful of English airs, "The turtle thus with plaintive crying," the accompaniment being composed of the harpsichord, viola d'amore and viola da gamba, played by the Chaplin Trio—all are notable records. STYLUS.

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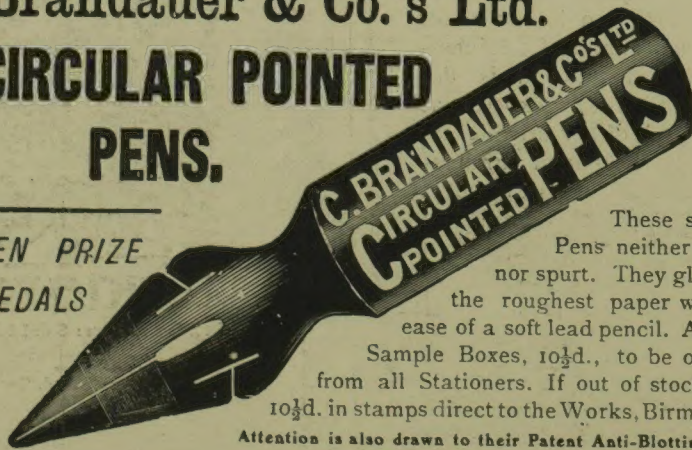
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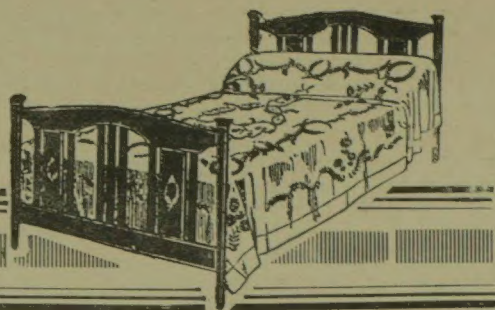
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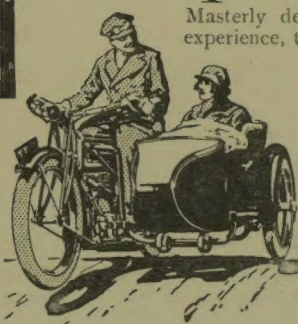
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P. 175

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# WONDERFUL TWO-MINUTE METHOD

## For Producing Abundant, Luxuriant Hair.

### FAMOUS HAIR EXPERT EXPLAINS HIS REMARKABLE METHOD.

### Unexampled Free 'Harlene Hair-Drill' Offer to those whose hair is weak & lustreless

**E**XAMINE your hair in a strong light, and note its many weaknesses. Take up a handful and look closely at the ends. Doubtless you will find many of them split—lack of nutrition is the cause. If your hair is lustreless, dry, and brittle, it is starved of the natural oils which are essential to the maintenance of gloriously beautiful tresses.

Famous Society Beauties, Leading Actresses, and Cinema Queens are renowned for their lovely hair—in fact, most of them say their hair is largely responsible for their popular success—and they gladly tell how their tresses have been made thick and luxurious by the wonderful two-minutes-a-day "Harlene Hair-Drill."

**YOU**, too, can have glorious hair—hair with a wondrous sheen—masses of soft, wavy hair pulsating with life. The discoverer of "Harlene" and Inventor of "Hair-Drill" offers you, **Absolutely Free**, a Four-Fold Gift that will enhance your beauty, make you look years younger, and give you **Real Hair Health**.

#### **THIS WELCOME FREE GIFT YOURS FOR THE ASKING.**

Use the Coupon below, and secure one of these exceptional Four-in-One Gifts. Have the only sure method of producing beautiful hair sent to your door free of all charge. In exchange for the Coupon the world's greatest hair expert will send you one of his Million Four-in-One Gifts.

The postman will bring you by return post:

1. A Free Trial Bottle of "Harlene-for-the Hair," now universally recognised as the greatest of all hair tonics, and as used by royalty, the nobility, the aristocracy, social leaders, public people, and millions of men and women in every grade of society. "Harlene" feeds and nourishes the hair as nothing else does, and so it naturally becomes stronger, healthier, and altogether more beautiful.
2. A Packet of "Cremex" Shampoo. This is an antiseptic purifier which thoroughly cleanses the hair and scalp of all scurf, etc., and prepares the hair for the "Hair-Drill" treatment. You should avoid greasy, hair-matting coconut oils.

3. A Trial Bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which protects the hair against damp and extremes of heat and cold, and is especially beneficial in cases where the scalp is inclined to be "dry."

4. The Illustrated Instruction Book of "Harlene Hair-Drill," which gives you the secrets of hair-health and beauty as revealed by the world's leading authority on the hair—secrets which your knowledge and use of will enable you to cultivate and preserve a splendid head of hair for the whole of your life.

The "Harlene Hair-Drill" Four-Fold Gift is for you if you are troubled with—

1. **Falling Hair,**
2. **Greasy Hair,**
3. **Splitting Hair,**
4. **Lank or Lifeless Hair,**
5. **Scurf,**
6. **Over-dry Scalp,**
7. **Thinning Hair,**
8. **Baldness.**



Every day that you neglect your hair the more is its poverty increased, but no matter how difficult your case may be, no matter what disappointments you may have had, "Harlene Hair-Drill" will never fail you. Vouched for by Royalty itself as well as by a host of the world's most beautiful actresses and society men and women, this scientific method of hair culture awaits your test and trial.

This Four-Fold Gift will give you an opportunity of proving in your own home that lank, lustreless hair and baldness can be things of the past. New hair **CAN** be grown—harsh, dry, brittle hair **CAN** be made soft, wavy, beautiful, and adorable.

Your hair should be your crowning glory—post the Coupon now and have it so. No more magnificent offer has ever been made—do not let it pass by.

After a free Trial you will want to continue using "Harlene," "Uzon," and "Cremex." You will revel in "Hair-Drill"—just love to feel the hair roots tingling with new life—see the hair becoming soft and silky—know that your hair will soon rival that which you have often envied.

Further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. 6d. per box of seven (single packets 3d. each) and "Astol" at 3s. and 5s. per bottle, can be obtained from all Chemists and Stores, or will be sent direct, on receipt of 6d. extra for postage, from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

#### **SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE GREY-HAIRED.**

If your hair is Grey, Faded, or quickly losing its Colour, you should try at once the wonderful new liquid compound "Astol," a remarkable discovery which gives back to grey hair new life and colour in a quick and natural manner. You can try "Astol" free of charge by enclosing an extra 2d. stamp for the postage and packing of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" parcel—i.e., 6d. stamps in all—when, in addition to the splendid 4-Fold Gift described in this announcement, a trial bottle of "Astol" will also be included absolutely free of charge.

#### **THE COMPLETE OUTFIT FREE**



#### **"HARLENE" GIFT COUPON.**

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, LIMITED  
20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

(Illustrated London News, 13/5/22)

#### **NOTE TO READER.**

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

N.B.—If your hair is GREY enclose extra 2d. stamp—6d. in all—and a FREE bottle of "Astol" for Grey Hair will also be sent you.